

# The BULGE BUGLE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.

VOLUME XXX NUMBER 1

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

FEBRUARY 2011

**VBOB has a new online home!**  
to better connect and serve those who served.

See article on page 22

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**Mission Statement**

The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge (VBOB) is a membership organization instituted to:

- Perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices involved during the Battle of the Bulge.
- Preserve historical data and sites relating to the Battle of the Bulge.
- Foster international peace and goodwill.
- Promote friendship among the survivors of the Battle of the Bulge and their descendants.

**The Benefits of VBOB Membership**

As a member of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, you will receive our quarterly publication, *The Bulge Bugle*. It contains stories about the battle written by our veterans, and updates on member activities such as reunions and chapter activities. You'll be joining a network of Veterans, their families and friends, and history enthusiasts, all with a shared interest in keeping connected, and keeping the legacy of these brave service men and women for

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**VETERANS OF THE  
BATTLE OF THE BULGE,  
INC.  
PO BOX 27430  
Philadelphia, PA 19118  
703-528-4058**

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**Publisher/Editor:**  
George Chekan  
9<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Historical Research:**  
John D. Bowen  
Associate Member

**ELECTED OFFICERS:**

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106<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

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**Recording Secretary:**  
John D. Bowen  
Associate Member

**Headquarters Office:**  
Kevin Dichl  
703-528-4058  
[Kevin@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:Kevin@battleofthebulge.org)

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38<sup>th</sup> Cavalry

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\*\*\*\*\*

**CHAPTER PRESIDENTS**

**ALABAMA**

Gen G.S. Patton, Jr. (11)  
Vernon Miller 205-951-0265  
1409 John Wesley Dr  
Birmingham, AL 35210-2203

**ARIZONA**

Arizona (26)  
Leo Hoffman 480-654-63745  
5735 E. McDowell #211  
Mesa, AZ 85215

**Southern Arizona (63)**  
George McGee 520-298-3220  
7830 E. Hampton St.  
Tucson, AZ 85715-4214

**BELGIUM**

5<sup>th</sup> Fusiliers of Belgium (38)  
Marcel D'Haese  
Boulevard du Souverain 4914

**CALIFORNIA**

Fresno (5)  
Arthur Steffensen 559-266-2997  
7469 S. Cedar Ave  
Fresno, CA 93725-9749

**Golden Gate (10)**  
Doris Davis 650-654-0101  
889 Bauer Dr  
San Carlos, CA 94070-3613

**Southern California (16)**  
Gordon Heame 818-784-8980  
4363 Hayvenhurst Ave.  
Encino, CA 91436

**San Diego (51)**  
Robert D. Schrell 858-274-5738  
2530 San Joaquin Ct.  
San Diego, CA 92109

**CONNECTICUT**

Connecticut Yankee (40)  
Richard Egan 203-634-0474  
79 Alcove St.  
Meriden, CT 06541

**COLORADO**

Rocky Mountain (39)  
A. Wayne Field 719-598-2234  
5820 Flintridge Dr #231  
Colorado Springs, CO 80918

**DELAWARE**

Brandywine Valley (66)  
Charles Gaffney 302-762-3023  
907 Shipley Rd  
Wilmington, DE 19803-4927

**FLORIDA**

Central Florida (18)  
Robert Stevenson 407-644-9997  
2133 Lake Dr  
Winter Park, FL 32789

**Florida Citrus (32)**  
Gerald Myers 863-686-2121  
320 E. Palm Dr  
Lakeland, FL 33803-2650

**Indian River (41)**  
John Gaynor 321-549-3529  
901 Culpepper Ave  
Palm Bay, FL 32909

**Southeast Florida (62)**  
George Fisher 561-585-7086  
3456 S. Ocean Blvd #503  
Palm Beach, FL 33480

**Golden Triangle (48)**  
Fred D. Parks 352-589-2109  
22 Tourquoise Way  
Eustis, FL 32726

**Florida Southwest (67)**  
Vincent Runowich 727-323-3793  
4063 10<sup>th</sup> Ave N  
St. Petersburg, FL 33713

**INDIANA**

**Northern Indiana (30)**  
Barry Veden 219-874-9873  
507 Duneland Beach Dr.  
Michigan City, IN 46360

**Central Indiana (47)**  
Tim Blakely 317-251-9593  
PO Box 50184  
Indianapolis, IN 46250

**IOWA**

**Hawkeye State (44)**  
Harold Linstrum 515-278-0081  
4105 75<sup>th</sup> St.  
Des Moines, IA 5032-2551

**KANSAS**

**Northeast Kansas (69)**  
Jim Sharp 785-539-8582  
508 Wickham Rd.  
Manhattan, KS 66502

**MARYLAND/DC**

Maryland/DC (3)  
John Schaffner 410-584-2754  
1811 Miller Rd  
Cockeysville, MD 21030-1013

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Lamar Soutter/Central (22)  
John McAuliffe 508-754-7183  
425 Pleasant St  
Worcester, MA 01609

**MICHIGAN**

West Michigan (23)  
James Wibby 231-938-2995  
3471 Blackwood Dr.  
Traverse City, MI 49686-3887

**MISSISSIPPI**

Mississippi (33)  
Manning Cooper 601-825-4479  
78 Fern Valley Rd  
Brandon, MS 39042

**MISSOURI**

Gateway (25)  
Kent Stephens 618-344-1616  
107 Bluffview La  
Collinsville, IL 62234

**NEW JERSEY**

Peter F. Leslie, Jr (54)  
Gerald Mount 973-697-5875  
40 Old Hoop Pole Rd  
Oak Ridge, NJ 07438

**Fort Monmouth (56)**  
Larry Lynch 732-842-5923  
37 Princeton St  
Red Bank, NJ 07701

**Fort Dix/McGuire (60)**  
Lloyd Orth 856-235-0504  
10 Locust Ct  
Mount Laurel, NJ 08054

**South Jersey (61)**  
Gus Epple (VP) 609-463-9690  
45 S. Desea Dr  
Cape May Court House, NJ 08210-2041

**NEW YORK**

**Mohawk Valley (28)**  
Kenneth H. Rowland 315-736-5836  
1550 Herkimer Rd #106  
Utica, NY 13502

**Hudson Valley (49)**  
Allan Atwell 518-371-8449  
9 Greenlea Dr  
Clifton Park, NY 12065

**Staten Island (52)**  
William Abell 917-299-9766  
297 Clarke Ave  
Staten Island, NY 10306

**Duncan T. Truman (59)**  
Elliot Hermon  
3 Putter Way  
Middletown, NY 10990

**Long Island (63)**  
William Mueller 516-731-2488  
27 Eve Ln  
Levittown, NY 11756-5511

\*\*\*\*\*

**OHIO**

Blanchard Valley (42)  
Richard Switzer 419-435-5277  
4361 N US 23  
Fostoria, OH 44830

**Ohio Buckeye (29)**  
John Kalagidis 330-492-2214  
2545 58<sup>th</sup> St N  
Canton, OH 44721-3451

Gen D. D. Eisenhower (35)  
Richard Shape  
211 Oakcrest Ct  
Russells Point, OH 43348-9508

**Alton Litsenberger (68)**  
Wendell Ellenwood 614-459-3693  
4923 Larwell Dr.  
Columbus, OH 43220

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Delaware Valley (4)  
Stanley Wojtusik 215-637-4191  
9639 Wissinoming St  
Philadelphia, PA 19114

**Susquehanna (19)**  
George Waters 717-488-6311  
303 Honesdale Rd  
Waymart, PA 18472

**Western Pennsylvania (24)**  
Leroy Schaller 724-238-2297  
1839 Route 259  
Bolivar, PA 15923

**Ohio Valley (31)**  
Pete Yanchick 724-375-6451  
1161 Airport Rd  
Aliquippa, PA 15001

**Southcentral Pennsylvania (45)**  
George Schneider 717-464-9442  
237 Willow Valley Dr  
Lancaster, PA 17602-4782

**Lehigh Valley (55)**  
Morris Metz 610-252-3694  
125 Richard Garr Rd  
Easton, PA 18040-6916

**Reading (64)**  
George Moore 610-582-8690  
207 Shockey Dr  
Birdsboro, PA 19508

**Cumberland Valley (6)**  
John Fague 717-530-8817  
306 Lungan Ave  
Shippensburg, PA 17257

**RHODE ISLAND**

Rhode Island (24)  
Manuel Roberio 401-253-7369  
50 Greylock Rd  
Bristol, RI 02809-1631

\*\*\*\*\*

**SOUTH CAROLINA**

South Carolina (7)  
Leif Maseng 803-782-5696  
4602 Bellefield Ln  
Columbia, SC 29206-5695

**TEXAS**

Lone Star (50)  
Charles Kam 214-324-9200  
8042 Hunnicut Rd  
Dallas, TX 75228

**VERMONT-NEW  
HAMPSHIRE-MAINE**

Tri-State (17)  
Edward Deverell 603-485-7483  
12 Stevens Dr  
Hookset, NH 03106-1683

**VIRGINIA**

Crater (43)  
S. W. George, Jr. 804-526-6725  
101 Hanover Ave  
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

**WASHINGTON**

Northwest (6)  
Arthur Mahler 425-746-3923  
1821 122<sup>nd</sup> Ave SE  
Bellevue, WA 98005-4623

**CONTACT INFORMATION**

**For dues, certificates,  
quartermaster, donations and  
membership:**

Veterans of the Battle of the  
Bulge, Inc.  
PO Box 27430  
Philadelphia, PA 19118  
Telephone 703-528-4058

**For stories, articles, letter to  
the editor for inclusion in the  
Bulge Bugle:**

Veterans of the Battle of the  
Bulge, Inc.  
PO Box 336  
Blue Bell, PA 19422  
Telephone 484-351-8844

**VBOB WEB SITE:**  
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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



**J. David Bailey**  
**106<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division**

It is an honor and privilege to serve as the next President of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and I assure you I will do my very best to further the aims and objectives of this fine organization. I want to thank our outgoing President Demetri "Dee" Paris for his outstanding leadership over the past three eventful years. Dee will join two former Presidents who regularly attend our meetings at Fort Meade — George Chekan who is doing a notable job as Editor of *The Bulge Bugle* and Louis Cunningham who is always there for advice and counsel.

We are fortunate to have on the Executive Council two associate members who are essential to our operation. They are Ralph Bozorth, Executive Vice President and John D. Bowen, Recording Secretary. They both have sound and responsible direction over our legal, financial and administrative responsibilities and are always dedicated to the best interest of VBOB. Associate member Bob Rhodes has the enormous task and responsibility of recruiting new associate members. As we are all aware - Time has not been kind and our ranks grow thinner day by day. Fast forward ten years from now and there will few of us around. And only can the flame of the Battle of the Bulge "live on" through a strong associate membership. So there should be a concerted effort on our part to support Bob in this important endeavor.

Relatively new on staff are Kevin Diehl and Sally Lung who handle our Accounts Receivable and Accounts Payable responsibilities. Kevin, a Computer Specialist has installed an updated software program for VBOB and in addition is currently making vast improvements to our web site with the visionary help of Bob Rhodes. Sally is a great addition to VBOB because of her Accounting expertise and her knowledge of the fiscal world.

At this time, I would like to recognize three women of VBOB: .... Associate Mary Ann D. Bowen who was honored on December 15, 2010 for her valuable service to our organization including Chair Person of the VBOB By Laws Committee. .... Nancy Monson, a *Profile in Courage*, who successfully handled the responsibilities as Administrative Directors for years with great zeal and determination and is deeply missed. ....

VBOB Dorothy Davis whose letter of encouragement when I accepted the nomination as President came as a great honor. Dorothy has for years served our organization with such great acumen that she deserves to be remembered as "our crown jewel."

As I begin my term of office as President of VBOB, I earnestly solicit your support and your ideas in the development of opportunities and projects that will foster a greater awareness of VBOB and the noble purpose for which it was organized. In the words of Abraham Lincoln - *"I will do the very best I know how - the very best I can; And I mean to keep on doing it until the end."*

## NOTICE

**Everything pertaining to dues, certificates, quartermaster, reunions and membership should be sent to:**

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.  
PO Box 27430  
Philadelphia, PA 19118  
Telephone 703-528-4058  
e-mail address [kevin@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:kevin@battleofthebulge.org)

\* Membership renewal cards will no longer be sent

**Everything other than what is listed above including stories, articles, letters to the editor, etc for inclusion in the Bulge Bugle should be sent to:**

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.  
PO Box 336  
Blue Bell, PA 19422  
Telephone 484-351-8844  
e-mail address [ralph@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:ralph@battleofthebulge.org)

## ***You Are the Key to Our Membership Growth!***

VBOB can't grow effectively unless you help. Our current members are the strength of our continued membership increases. If you know others who were in the Battle of the Bulge, family members of BOB vets, or friends who are interested in keeping the memory of the Bulge alive, tell them about our organization. they will enjoy the comradeship.

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## 66<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION

The 66th Anniversary Commemoration of the Battle of the Bulge from 13-16 December 2010 is now behind us. For those who attended you know what a wonderful time it was and the honors and gratitude displayed by our Belgium and Luxembourg friends at our banquet & at our VBOB Monument. We had a delightful reception again at the Belgium Ambassador's home.

You were honored again by the Minister of Defense of Belgium, Peter De Crem and the Royal Belgium Band of the Blades of eighty members who provided honors and airs at the Ambassador's Residence, the World War II Memorial and performed a Prelude at the Millennium Stage at the Kennedy Center prior to the performance of the ChoralArts Societies' Traditional Holiday concert of Christmas music, at which all that attended the Commemoration this year were their honored guest with free admission.

The following day we visited the Air & Space Museum at Dulles Airport where we viewed most of the planes that used to be stored in Silver Hill MD. This museum had the Enola Gay, Space Craft spy planes and the Concorde which was retired and driven right over to the Museum. We then decorated the Christmas Tree, symbolic of the Holidays that you never really had, with unit patches of the units that fought in the Bulge as well as photo ornaments of veterans in attendance. A quintet from the Belgium Royal Band of the Guides provided holiday music in the background. That evening we left early to attend the magnificent reception provided by the Belgium Ambassador H. E. Jan Matthysen at his beautiful residence in Washington DC. The food was again outstanding and no body left hungry. The Belgium Defense Minister Peter De Crem also attended again this year and he and the Ambassador and the Ambassador from Luxembourg, Mr Jean Paul Senniger honored the veterans present with their remarks. The Belgium Royal Band of the Guides performed as we alighted from the buses and entered the Residence. In addition to various Military Attaches from other embassies the Secretary of the Department of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki The following day we were given an early entrance into the Holocaust Museum. We then toured Union Station where and the Norway Christmas Tree and train exhibit in the Grand Concourse. This also left time for souvenir shopping and lunch in the many eateries there. That evening we feasted at the DoubleTree Hotel at our commemoration banquet of the 66<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. The West Point Alumni glee club entertained us with selections after dinner. Following the entertainment greetings were brought by Major Patrick de Smedt of Belgium and Mr. Mario Wiesen, Luxembourg Consul. The Person of the Year Award was given to Mary Ann Bowen for her many contributions to putting on these commemorative banquets and here work with the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Association.

On the 16th of December, we remembered our Bulge Veterans with wreath layings at the Tomb of the Unknowns and our VBOB Memorials at Arlington and at the World War II Memorial. The Royal Belgium Band of the Guides performed and provided honors at the VBOB Monument and at the WWII Monument where we were greeted with snow.

**St Patrick's Day Parade**  
**Sun, 13 March 2011**  
**11:30 AM**  
**Washington DC Mall**

**Get your marching shoes shined!**  
**We will gather again outside the old**  
**Smithsonian Castle, on the Mall side.**

**Look for the VBOB Flag**  
**And WWII Uniforms & vehicles**  
**Please wear an overseas cap and your**  
**medals or ribbons**

**Vehicles will be available for the walking**  
**wounded, furnished by the Military Vehicle**  
**Collectors Society, however as many of you**  
**as can march are asked to show the younger**  
**generations how it is done!**

**Our National organization and all**  
**Chapters have been invited once again to**  
**march in our Nation's 40<sup>th</sup> St Patrick's**  
**Parade, down Constitution Avenue from 7th**  
**to 17th Streets NW.**

**We especially would like to have**  
**marchers to show the crowd that you Bulge**  
**Veterans still have a lot of kick. The march**  
**is about one mile, nothing like those five mile**  
**or 20 mile marches that you had to pass. !**

**It is a particular pleasure to march in**  
**this parade because we salute "Those Who**  
**Serve" as you once did. Each year that we**  
**have marched we have had continuous**  
**applause from the crowd along the whole**  
**parade route, something no other unit has**  
**sustained. We have won 6 trophies and this**  
**past year we won the "People's Choice"**  
**trophy.**

**So get those marching shoes shined**  
**and caps out and if you can still get into your**  
**uniform please wear it as it really is a crowd**  
**pleaser. Mark your calendars for the 13th of**  
**March. See you there! Call John Bowen 301-**  
**384-6533 for further information and to let**  
**him know that you are coming.**

**Best Metro stop is Constitution on the**  
**Mall and just walk towards the Capitol and**  
**the Smithsonian Castle will be on your right**  
**on Jefferson Drive. You may also get off**  
**Metro at Navy Memorial/Archives stop of the**  
**yellow or green lines.**



## CHRISTMAS IN LUXEMBOURG,

By Harold Storey

5<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

10<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, Co. C

# 1944

A significant number of people have asked me - during the spreading of the word of my involvement in infantry combat in Europe - to describe some more of conditions in late Fall of 1944 and into Northern Europe's worst Winter on record up to that time.

Having finally entered and cleared out Metz about November 18 we started to a destination, which we passionately dreaded - the German border and the Siegfried Line. Snow was already falling, an enemy in itself because of ease of observation as well as the difficulty of finding a warm enough place to try to sleep some. But the big thing was that we knew that the Germans would defend their border more vigorously than they had many of the French places during late summer. (I think they thought that their own border just couldn't be breached).

Before we ran out of gas in early September there had been much speculation about the war being over by Christmas. Now we wondered when it would be over for all infantrymen, one by one!

On December 16 battalion and regimental senior officers came to forward positions to find those of us who were company commanders and tell us personally that our intelligence had discovered German Panzer divisions had been amassed apparently to attack our front or that of the Soviets. Of course we were all surprised to know they had such capability - and honestly hoped the strike would be to the East!

That very night the Germans launched an attack, which would result in the involvement of a total of 600,000 troops, the largest single battle in history. We<sup>^</sup> were just inside the German border in the Saar Valley and during the night we got orders to climb on any vehicle headed north, destination somewhere, and see that headlights were turned on, follow the vehicle ahead, bumper to bumper. It was one of Patton's miracles that we arrived in the middle of Luxembourg not long after dawn, 100 miles away, slipping and sliding in deeper and deeper snow. Rumors were rampant as we were told that Germans had filtered into our ranks in American uniforms, that a lot of our weapons had been captured and that many atrocities were being committed.

The next few days, cloudy and bitterly cold, were a nightmare of danger in one of the most beautiful places in the world. Casualties from artillery, tanks firing through the trees, and rifle fire, burp guns, AND trench foot kept depleting our ranks as we were trying to push back that part of the "Bulge".

It was hard to decide which was the #1 enemy - Germans or weather. Snow and low clouds impeded our movement and had prevented any support from the air. On Christmas Eve, the eighth day of these conditions, the skies became blue and I stood by a snow laden fir tree and thanked God that I could hear and eventually see a steady line of planes above! (Patton claimed that this was an answer to his own prayers. I wonder how God filters a profane prayer.) Our planes kept coming the next few days and apparently did enough damage to effectively turn the tide.

Late Christmas Eve, after hearing a company of our folks being overrun by tanks (it just happened that the tanks counterattacked down a little road on the hill above us rather than our road) a few of us crawled into a part of a small barn and found soft hay there. We stretched out about midnight and immediately a stranger stuck his head inside and asked for me. He had a few packages for our company and one was for me - a box of cookie crumbs sent weeks before by Merle Croucher, the wife of a fellow officer friend from Indianapolis. My only package in all that time came at midnight Christmas Eve - and the crumbs lasted about four minutes, as I recall.

Christmas Day - weather beautiful and setting idyllic with snow on every branch of planted fir trees 10-15 feet tall in rows with fire break avenues every hundred yards or so. I was deeply depressed as I tried to offer some encouragement for these weary folks as we approached the forward slope of the mountain, knowing there would be good observation where the trees 'played out' on the approach to the Sauer River, along which there were many mostly-damaged and abandoned Bed & Breakfast houses and small inns. As I stood at the edge of a little road waiting for the rest of my folks to get oriented and catch up using more than one firebreak, Pfc. Castle approached me. He was a replacement medic who had endeared himself to all of us. He always wanted to do anything he could - cheerfully - including trudging back a mile or so to bring 5-gallon cans of water when we got messages that water was available. This time he asked my permission to go back to where he had seen two wounded Germans, an officer and enlisted man, and try to "fix up" their wounds. At first I told him I'd rather he not go alone, that I really should not be there alone (we tried to abide by the rule about getting separated). He indicated the direction, said it wasn't far and that he would hurry. I relented with great appreciation for the compassion of this young 'kid' and felt it appropriate act for Christmas time anywhere. His commitment was to people, not just friends. I became more anxious for us to proceed (mid afternoon now and darkness came very early) and one of my platoon leaders found me and asked about Castle. I told him what had transpired and said I thought I could find him. After searching down a couple of rows I did find him.

His hand was under the wounded arm of one of the two still alive Germans and he had died from a bullet through his helmet and his head. My emotions nearly tore me apart! Of course I would shoot the squirming and begging men - as they expected. As I cocked my carbine and pointed it at the Captain I still was thinking about the day and my family and the fact there was not much celebration here. Somehow I thought that if I did survive I would never want to remember that I had killed two helpless people on Christmas and I would not want my family to know that I had done such a thing. It was really mostly selfish, with some compassion thrown in. And I knew it would not be a fitting tribute to the short and beautiful life Castle had lived. (I did not know where he was from and have never been able to find his family since, though I was finally able to get his serial number. My request for search of military records has been answered but not successful. It's very difficult for strangers to get family information through army records - rightly so.) We never discovered who had killed him, possibly somebody hiding nearby even as I stood there beside his body and the terrified Germans.

(continued on next page)



## CHRISTMAS IN LUXEMBOURG (con't)

By now we thought the war or winter would never end, troops dwindled to weakened strengths. But on January 22nd (which turned out to be the official last day of the Bulge battle) it was over for me. A mortar shell hit a tree limb about 18" inches from my head, killed the two artillery people who had come to discuss the situation after we had spotted enemy movement on the next hill. We all were wearing hooded white canvas jackets with white trousers. My face felt numb and I couldn't hear with my right ear, but I didn't realize what my situation was until blood, delayed by the bitter cold, began dripping from my neck down onto the white clothing. I was crouched down trying to see how badly a fourth friend had been wounded in the face. Soon two people were pulling me up to give me the prescribed sulfa tablets and they then began to drag me toward a small track in the snow. Shortly a jeep came, I was helped into a seat and we proceeded down a steep hill. The jeep slid off the little road and stuck in the snow. It was about to get dark and it wasn't long until they got enough people to push and pull and get us on the way down the hill to an aid station at the little Catholic church in Diekirch.

From there I went to Luxembourg City, to a convent being used as a hospital, where I had surgery and spent several days. Next trip was to Paris in a boxcar with litters stacked three to a side, a wood stove for heat, for more surgery and a few days. The hospital in Luxembourg gave out of pajamas on the day we were taken down to the rail siding to a tent, so I traveled in bandages and very scratchy captured German blankets. (I bet none of my readers have traveled to Paris naked!) In the 'holding tents' we were placed on the ground where the wind whipped under the tent flaps while the train was being placed for loading. (Incidentally, this was the first operating train I had seen because the retreating Germans had destroyed as much rail lines as they could,

All along the way - from the very first aid station in the little church - there were gentle and caring chaplains and doctors, many times asking "Are you afraid to die?" I finally learned to say that I wasn't really afraid, but that didn't mean I wanted to! — The Germans had one more go at me: During four months of more surgery and recovery in a hospital in England I developed Scabies! (we knew it in Georgia as 7 year itch) The doctors said it came from the filthy blankets.

The NEXT Christmas I arrived in the wee hours of Christmas Eve at Fort Gordon in Augusta. My parents had come to wait, not knowing when our troop train would get there from Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. It was indeed a long time getting there because we had had to make unscheduled stops for toilet facilities and to have cold sandwiches delivered along with drinking water. The toilets and water fountains on the entire train were frozen during the whole trip to Augusta!

After a few hours of details at Fort Gordon my parents picked me up and we left for a long-awaited trip to Crystal Springs. As we let out a friend in Atlanta we discovered that the rain that had started was now freezing. Careful and dreading the trip after dark, we passed Kennesaw and on the way up a hill realized that an oncoming car was headed straight at us! The driver had been surprised by the ice, but had time to put his brakes on and travel even faster. The car was totalled, my mother had a cut on her knee, my forehead broke the windshield, my dad had painful rib pressure. A Greyhound bus driver directly back of us asked if he could

take my parents on to Rome while I stayed to dispose of the car and found some way on home. I was able to talk the wrecker driver, who had tire chains, into bringing me to McCall Hospital to catch up with my parents. (I paid him a Christmas Eve price.) It was then 2:AM and a neighbor had arrived to take us to Crystal Springs.

This is written to partly explain my gratitude for life, for my faith and for the measure of peace that I have experienced. One can readily see why I feel that my blessings have been more than any one person could expect. I was glad to hear Tom Brokaw say that those of us who are survivors feel that our country and its people do NOT owe us anything. I am a little embarrassed when somebody says Thanks. I surely want my family and friends to know of my gratitude for them and for life itself. I know God knows it.

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## COMMEMORATION - 66<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE DECEMBER 15, 2010, ARLINGTON, VA

*by Paul Goffin, former Vice President of the  
Belgian American Association*

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, distinguished guests, this afternoon, I had a phone call from my 87 year old sister in Belgium. During the conversation I told her that I would attend a dinner with veterans of the BOB, commemorating this big battle. Her reaction was immediate: "you mean those American soldiers, who liberated us in 1944. Tell them that we have not forgotten what they did for us. They restored our liberty. We are forever grateful. Tonight, we are celebrating the significance of the Battle of the Bulge "the never ending battle of freedom over oppression". We celebrate by honoring you. You are the men and women, who with great determination and great sacrifices fought so gallantly to preserve Freedom. In 1944, I was 19 years old, and it's the first time I ever saw an American. You came from so far, did your job as soldiers, your behavior was civil, respectful and extremely generous in sharing your chocolates, then you went back home. It took some time to figure out and understand how you could achieve what you did. You were brought up during the tough times of the depression and then when WW II broke out you went on to fight. You were raised under, what General MacArthur expressed, so eloquently, in his farewell speech at West Point in May 1962, "Honor, Duty and Country". These three hallowed words reverently dictate, what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are the rallying points to build courage when courage seems to fail, to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith, to create hope when hope becomes forlorn. You veterans did more than your job; you are heroes and have shown the way for the next generations. I am honored to be here and can state, without any reservations, in the name of the Belgian people that we are deeply grateful to you veterans of the BOB. That includes me and my family; I wouldn't be here without you.



# BULGE MEMORIES

by Nathaniel E. Broadhead

1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division

26<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment-Company F

On Nov. 23 we left the harbor of New York City and headed for London, England. We landed, changed ships to cross the English Channel and arrived in France at Normandy Beach where it was raining so hard. We had to put up our pup tents in the rain. On Dec. 14 we got in boxcars and headed for the front lines, where we heard "Boys, the Battle of the Bulge has broke through and on its way, and we were almost there."

Dec. 23 was my first night in combat. We headed for the front lines, and on that night out in front lines we heard the Germans up on the hill above us cranking their tanks and beginning to get ready to make an attack. We had to go back and inform, and they said, "Boys, jump in that foxhole right over there." So we didn't know that two soldiers had been killed in that foxhole. The German tank was on its way, and it was about 20 yards from our foxhole. Our artillery came and knocked it out. The Germans attacked us all night.

The next morning was Christmas Eve and about 10am, the sergeant crawled up beside our foxhole and said, "We want you to come down back to the barn under the hill. We were down to the barn under the hill and we thought Boy, we got it made, we were gone to be behind the front lines now. But when we got town there, we found out that the two machine guns squads had got knocked out that night. We were now meeting with the sergeant who was in charge of the machine gun squad that had been wiped out. He said "boys, you are now my machine gunners but I can't take you up until dark tonight." All day the artillery was falling like rain, and all around us there was cows in the barn, they were moaning and groaning, and the shrapnel was hitting them all day long.

That night about 9 o'clock the sergeant came in, and he called out and said, "Nathaniel Broadhead." I wouldn't answer so he called my name again. So then I answered him and he said, "You are now the machine gunner." I remember during training they said the average life of a machine gunner in combat was a minute and a half. And here I know that God himself could take me through it. He brought us up to the front line and put us in a foxhole that was already dug where the machine gun crew was killed. We crawled in the foxhole and began to take turns watching, one hour on and one hour off. We were not sleeping much that night.

Finally, around 2 or 3 o'clock, the sergeant came through and said he was checking the line to see if anybody got killed or wounded or anything. He come up to my foxhole and said he spotted a German patrol coming. He jumped in the foxhole with me, and when the German patrol come by, he killed the six Germans right in front of my eyes. That was my second night in combat. I only knew then that God himself was the only one who could take Nathaniel Broadhead through this terrible fight. But for my country, and for my state, and to remember my people, I was willing to do it.

The next day was Christmas Day. All night we fought in snow that was almost waist deep, sleeping in the foxholes with snow all over you. Stand guard an hour and then you'd have to jump on your old coat to make it get down where you could get back in the foxhole.

That day, Christmas Day, about 8:30 that night they got a chance to bring us up what they call Christmas Dinner, and that night we realized canned stuff was better than chicken and turkey on Christmas Day. For 32 days we stayed in those foxholes and held those lines. The snow was so deep you could hardly move. Finally they told us to move out and so we left the foxholes. Thirty minutes later there was a direct hit in the foxhole we just left. God could have brought us out of it.

December 31<sup>st</sup> was time that began to think about making attacks and moving on forward, and they told us we was gonna take a town, the next step was taking this town. We began to make the attack. The snow was waist deep almost, you'd be bogging knee-deep in the snow, and we came up on this stream at 3 o'clock in the morning. We had to make a crossing over a small stream, but it was frozen over. As we crossed the stream the ice broke and my snow galoshes filled up with water. We were making an attack so you cannot stop to change socks. From 3:00am until 12noon I had to walk with my shoes full of water. Three days later I changed my socks and when I began to take my socks off, my toenails wanted to come off with them. But with God's help I could stay in there and fight on.

So we began to make another attack. They told us before we started that this is would be a rough town to take. We had three towns to take before we could get to the large town. We had 200 men when we started and we only had just a group of us, a few of us left. In the rifle squad and my machine gun squad together we had six men left. While we were trying to take this town the Germans began to crossfire on us with two machine guns. The machine guns were cross-firing with tracer bullets. The sergeant looked over—hollered over at us and said, "Boys, you see it like I do. You're either going to get captured or killed. Now you take your choice." If you want to run out, you will be killed, if you stay here they will capture you. And he said, "Well, if you go for it, I am going." And another one of the boys said he was going, and us three together, we ran and made it out God's help. The other three boys stayed there, two of the boys were captured and the other was killed. We found him when we went back that night to take the town.

It had been two days and we hadn't had anything to eat, and I felt like I was just about to crack up. I felt so nervous and shaky and weak. We had taken the town that night by the help of some other soldiers. The next morning I felt I've just gone my limit, I can't go no more. All of a sudden I looked out of the window and here comes a jeep with a sheep trailer behind it loaded down with c-rations. Boy, our hopes got up and boy, we said we got it made now. We were getting something to eat here! Just as the driver jumped out of the jeep and ran in the building, an 88, a big tank shell hit that trailer load of c-rations. There wasn't one can left. We were so hungry!

We were preparing to take a town, which required a river crossing and this is extremely dangerous because the enemy has all the advantages. I had the machine gun set up ready to go when all of a sudden we looked up and this shell coming. I ducked into my foxhole and left my machine gun setting right on the top of the ground. The machine gun took a direct hit; there was shrapnel everywhere, but I did not receive a scratch.

(Continued on next page)



## BULGE MEMORIES (Continued)

After crossing this river, we had a factory to take. We finally made it across but we had a big wall to go over and I had a boy who was real short and couldn't jump high. I helped him get over the wall, and when we got over the Germans were everywhere. For about 30 or 40 minutes we were lost, and I remember the password that night, it was "Red Apple." When you met up with somebody you had to have yourself ready to shoot or whatever you had to do to protect yourself. When the word "red" was said you answered with "apple." We took the town that night, and the next morning we got to the factory and oh, it was so bad. We taken another town and I was trying to take a house there, and all of a sudden, just as I was going in at a door, a big tank shot an 88 shell into the area right over the door, and it knocked me to the ground. When I got up I felt something in my britches, so I pulled my britches out of my boots and the shrapnel began to come out on the floor, I didn't have a scratch, and I thanked God.

We heard the Germans had dropped the big bunch of paratroopers there in the forest and all of a sudden they called us and wanted us to go in and flush them out. It was a big forest, and no tanks could get in. Finally we went in and for about a day and a half we fought to take this forest and push out these paratroopers. We lost a tremendous amount of men in this forest that day. They called it hell.

One town that we went into had a sniper that we couldn't locate. Finally we went into a building and all we found were two women in the middle of the living room, rocking away in big rocking chairs—two little old ladies. One of these ladies had a big German rifle behind the door casing, and she would open that door case and get that rifle and kill a couple of boys and then she'd sit the gun back inside and close it down so that nobody could locate it.



"DEBS GETS ALL THE BABES SINCE HE GOT RID OF 1700 SHADOW."  
—Pvt. Sidney Landi

## WORLD WAR II HONOR FLIGHT

By Dr. Bill Wenzel — 94<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

I enlisted in the army on Dec. 7<sup>th</sup>, 1942 and served as a medic with the 94<sup>th</sup> Division, as an aviation cadet with the Army Air Corps, and as a combat medic with the 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. Wounded during the Battle of the Bulge, I spent three months in a general hospital and the rest of the war with non-combat units until my discharge on February 26<sup>th</sup>, 1946.

For most of us who returned home after WWII there were no big parades, bands or great homecoming celebrations; we were shipped back to some state-side army post and then sent packing with our discharge pay in one hand and a 3<sup>rd</sup> class travel ticket to our home town in the other. Most of us just went back where we came from, hung up our uniforms and began civilian life again; picking up where we'd left years earlier to fight the German, Japanese and Italian dictators trying to conquer the world.

Yes, that's how it was when I came home after WWII, but something different happened on October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2010! After sixty-four years and two months, one hundred and two of us old veterans from Wisconsin were given a great big 'Welcome Home From WWII' celebration. It all began with a free 'Thank You For Serving' flight to Washington D.C. to visit the war memorials and Arlington National Cemetery; courtesy of the Badger Honor Flight Program. That program ([www.badgerhonorflight.org](http://www.badgerhonorflight.org)) has already provided free trips for hundreds of other WWII veterans and more flights are planned.

We left Madison at 7:45 a.m. with eighty guardians, several members of the Wisconsin Honor Flight program, a doctor, a nurse and a TV Channel 27 camera crew on board. When we arrived at Reagan International Airport in Washington, D.C. we were given a rousing welcome by hundreds of people waving American flags, many of them shaking our hands, others saluting us and shouting "welcome home" and "thank you for saving our country". Members of the military, the American Legion, the VFW, various community organizations, a band and East Coast TV cameras greeted us. What a wonderful surprise! What an honor! There were tears of gratitude in many an eye, believe me!

We left the airport in tour buses and wove through heavy traffic escorted by a police car with its emergency lights flashing and siren wailing. All traffic stopped to let our motorcade through and we found out what it felt like to be a VIP; if only for a day!

Our first stop was the WWII memorial, guarded by two arched entrance towers; The Pacific and the Atlantic. Dedicated May 29<sup>th</sup>, 2004, the memorial is a circular wall composed of 56 granite pillars bearing the names of the states, territories and the District of Columbia. A long reflecting pool and promenade leads to Lincoln's Tomb a quarter mile away. The central plaza features a large fountain. A tourist at the memorial was wearing a sweat shirt with the following message: "IF YOU CAN READ THIS, THANK A TEACHER! IF WE'D LOST THE WAR THIS MESSAGE WOULD BE PRINTED IN GERMAN OR JAPANESE!"

### OOPS! WE GOOFED

On pae 8 of the NOVEMBER issue under donations we listed Edward G. Green, Jr. as an associate member. Ed served in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division



## NURSE RENEE LEMAIRE

by William J. Kerby

20<sup>th</sup> Armored Infantry Battalion

When we pulled back from Noville to Bastogne, Captain Geiger informed me that we were now attached to the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division. He stated that we were going into reserve and would be used when needed. He said to look for a billet for your men and to notify him of our whereabouts.

I found a nice three story building with a big basement. The first floor was a 5 and 10 cent store with a large kitchen at the rear. The second and third floors were living quarters. While in the basement, we started a small fire with what we thought was play money that we found in the corner of the basement along with a broken chair. (About a month later, we found out that it was real money). Down the stairs came Dr. Naftulin and nurse, Renee Lemaire.



*Renee Lemaire*

He introduced her to me and said they were looking for building that would serve as an aid station. They left for about fifteen minutes. When they returned, Dr. Naftulin said "Sergeant, this basement would make an excellent aid station. I told him that was fine and he could have it. I stated that would take my men elsewhere to find another billet. We moved down and across the street about forty yards. The house was on the side of a hill. You could walk in the door from the roadside and go down a flight of stairs, walk in and out into the backyard. There we dug foxholes and a latrine.

On Christmas Eve, we were told that the Germans had parachuted men in white uniforms around Bastogne. I posted guards at each corner of the building. My post was facing the aid station about thirty five or forty yards away. All of a sudden the night sky was brighter than the Las Vegas strip from the magnesium flares that the German bomber pilots had dropped. A few seconds later, the first German bomber dropped his first bomb on the aid station, a direct hit. The second bomb landed in our back yard and wiped out all our empty foxholes, leaving only the latrine....Thank God!!!!

The second German bomber dropped down to strafe us with machine gun fire. All the G. I.'s started to shoot at the plane with machine guns, rifles and carbines. He dropped a bomb that was a direct hit on a building two doors from ours. That building just happened to be a distillery. The bottles flew all over and some were found two weeks later in the snow banks. I faced toward the aid station and Renee Lemaire was helping some wounded G. I.'s out of the building. She went back in the building and came out helping more wounded yelling "Help, Help, Water, Water." The flames from the fire were intensifying. She was safe and sound out of the building, but decided to go back in and help. Renee Lemaire never returned. The woman was a heroine and a saint. I am an eye witness to these above facts.

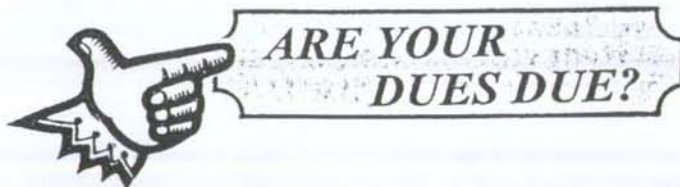
[Two days before the bombing of the 10<sup>th</sup> Armored Division's aid station the Air Force dropped supplies of food and ammunition in parachutes. Renee asked us to save the parachutes so she could make a wedding dress because she was to be married after the war. We saved the parachutes and gave them to her.]



**Driver and truck from the US 35<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers, hit by German air attack near Heiderscheid in December 1944**

These doomsday warriors look no more like soldiers than the soldiers of the Second World War looked like conquistadors. The more expert they become, the more they look like lab assistants at a small college.

ALISTAIR COOKE





## WESTERN NEW YORK REPRESENTED AT 'BATTLE OF BULGE' HEADQUARTERS

Western New York is proudly represented at a new World War II historical site to open soon in Bastogne, Belgium, the focal point of the famed "Battle of the Bulge" in 1944 - 45. A West Seneca artist's sketch of a memorable wartime event will greet visitors in a special room at the site. The Battle of the Bulge took place December 16, 1944 to January 25, 1945 and was the largest land battle of WWII in which the U.S. participated. More than a million soldiers fought in the battle.

The Germans had a far larger force and had Bastogne and American troops surrounded. They sent a party of four men under a flag of truce demanding the Americans surrender. U.S. Army General Anthony McAuliffe of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division became famous for his single-word reply to the surrender ultimatum: "Nuts!" The 101<sup>st</sup> then held off the Germans until the 4<sup>th</sup> Armored Division, led by General George Patton, arrived on December 26 to provide reinforcement. The barracks and the room where McAuliffe uttered the famous word have been restored to its 1944 condition and will soon become a national historical site open to the many thousands of annual visitors to Bastogne.

My associate and I were recruiting at high schools on American military bases for D'Youville College located in Buffalo and while visiting in Bastogne were invited on a private tour of the former Belgium army barracks that housed the headquarters of McAuliffe during the battle. While in the central room of the barracks, I noticed a sketch on a wall depicting many photos of wartime Bastogne, including one of General Patton pinning a medal on McAuliffe. The sketch showed the German delegation and the Americans who are holding a document with the inscription "Nuts" on it.

What caught my eye was that the sketch had the name and address of the artist, *Ray Fisher of West Seneca*, prominently displayed on the bottom of the sketch. Fisher, now 89, graduated from Lafayette High School and attended the Art Institute of Buffalo and the Albright Art School joining the Army in 1942. Because of his artistic ability he was sent to a military map-making school in Lexington, Kentucky and shipped off on the RMS Mauretania to the 668<sup>th</sup> Engineering Company (Topographical) of the First Army, in Scotland as a mapmaker.

"I was a member of the 'Secret Six' as they called us, to make maps and models of Omaha Beach for the landing at Normandy in advance of the invasion," Fisher said. "It was top secret of course and I along with five other guys made these in a secret room." Twelve days after the invasion at Normandy, Fisher and his team were on the beach following the troops and making maps from aerial photographs taken by Army reconnaissance planes.

"We traveled by truck as we had large cameras and photo mapping equipment.

We followed five to six miles behind General Patton from Paris through Bastogne.

"We even made maps from German maps that were captured." During the Battle of the Bulge, Fisher and his Company were in a small Belgium town, Eupen, outside of Bastogne making maps used during the Battle and after.

"I didn't know my sketch was in the display at Bastogne," he said. "I did it for the 'Battle of Bastogne' veteran's magazine and someone must have sent it to Bastogne." He is a member of the *Veterans of Bastogne* organization and one of only five members out of 125 of the 668<sup>th</sup> alive today. Fisher later worked for Sylvania as a technical illustrator and Arcadia Graphics, both in Buffalo, and retired in 1986. Ray Fisher, another member of the *Greatest Generation*.

*By D. J. Bray an Air Force veteran and lives in West Seneca, N.Y.*

## THE NAVY IN ANTWERP

During World War II I served as a third officer on a liberty ship. On Christmas evening we were at anchor at Southampton and the next day we crossed the Channel and tied up in the port of Antwerp. Except for the V1 and V2 it was a safe harbor. That weekend I had duty as the Officer of the day. About midday an Army officer came aboard and ask if I were the Officer of the day. I assured him I was and what can I do for him. He asked if our anti-aircraft guns were equipped with stops or could they be brought down to level position. I did not know so I suggested we go take a look. We found they had no stops and they could come level. For nothing more than curiosity I asked him the reason for his inquiry and he informed me that things were getting tighter and closer at the front and conceivably we could be facing German troops in the Port of Antwerp.

As sailors we are admittedly lousy soldiers so my primary concern became the number of days before the ship's holds would be empty and we could get out to sea. Unfortunately the stevedores were on emergency retrieval only, which meant if the Army called for say mine detectors and the manifest showed them in hold of the SS George Berkley. Once they got them, they were off to the next emergency. Fortunately for us the soldiers at the front took care of the Germans without our sailors.

*Robert J. Roberts  
Dublin, OH*

## Did you know...

that Hollywood producer, director and actor, Mel Brooks fought in the Battle of the Bulge? He served in the U.S. Army as a combat engineer and during the largest land battle ever fought by the United States Army; his job was to deactivate land mines. After the battle, the Germans broadcast propaganda to U.S. troops via loudspeakers and Brooks answered by doing an Al Jolson imitation of "Toot Toot Tootsie."

(Taken from the BULGE BATTLE NEWS Northern Indiana Chapter - September 2010)



## REMEMBERING DAD

### Thank You Veterans!

My father Joseph F. Wollet, Sr. was a staff sergeant in a mortar squad in 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon, Company D, 290<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division during the Bulge. He and fellow squad member Samuel Panther, originally from Cherokee, NC were each awarded the Silver Star for action in Odeigne, Belgium on the night of 24/25 December 1944.

According to the citation my dad was issued, his patrol left the company command post with the mission to destroy four German Tiger tanks located two miles in the rear of the German lines with rocket launchers. Unable to locate the enemy tanks, they contacted the command post and were given a new mission of keeping the road to Odeigne open. Moving quickly toward the town, the patrol encountered, in succession, three machine gun nests, numerous outposts and a well-concealed 88 mm gun emplacement, and efficiently liquidated all of them. Rounding a bend in the road, the patrol surprised a column of enemy troops and directed a withering fire, which killed and wounded many and sent the remainder into disorganized flight. The patrol then entered the town and destroyed a force of "fanatical SS troopers" and approximately 35 vehicles, which were parked outside of SS headquarters.

At 08:30 a.m. on 18 January 1945, my father was wounded in action, although he did not remember the nearest town. He and other wounded men were kept in a barn until nightfall, at which time they were evacuated and treated.

He was moved to Paris, then to England, and finally back to the States, where he convalesced at Percy Jones Hospital in Battle Creek, MI, the same facility that treated Sen. Bob Dole and Sen. Daniel Inouye. Once he was discharged from Percy Jones, Dad was shipped to Trinidad, CO where he spent the last days of the war guarding German POWs.

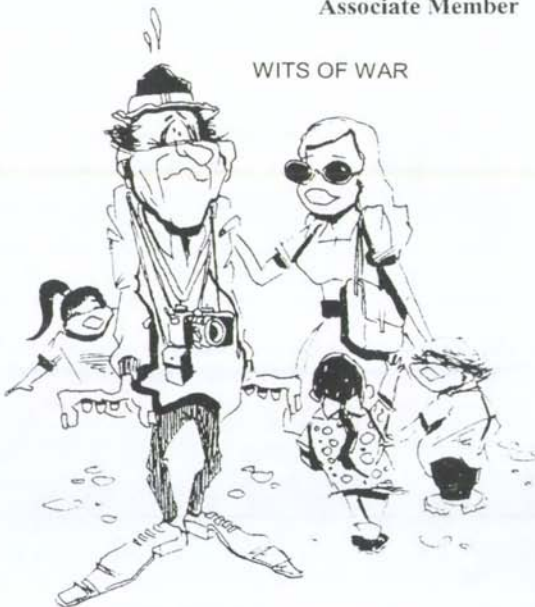
After the war, Dad was invited to the White House to have his Silver Star awarded to him by President Harry Truman. He refused to go, though, as he had had enough of war. In addition to the Silver Star, Dad was awarded the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Combat Infantryman Badge and numerous other decorations.

Dad was another quiet veteran from the Greatest Generation who said the heroes were the ones aspects of his military service, such as training or a pub crawl in Wales prior to deployment to the Continent, yet he never spoke at any length about

who never came home. He talked about certain combat. I learned the details above from his citation. Dad died on 22 October 2010 in Strongsville, OH and was honored at his funeral by VFW Post 1863 and active duty soldiers. On his behalf and mine, I would like to thank all of you Ardennes veterans for your service to our nation and your loyalty to your comrades.

**Joseph F. Wollet II**  
Associate Member

### WITS OF WAR



"FOR HEAVENS SAKE, RALPH, DON'T PANIC EVERY TIME ONE OF THESE FRENCH KIDS CALL YOU 'PAPA'... IT'S A GENERIC TERM."

## They said . . .

*In ten years Hitler has led us from poverty and impotence to victory. He is now leading us to the greatest of victories.*

January 30, 1943 GOERING

*Some time next year . . . but it may well be the year after . . . we might beat Hitler, by which I mean beat him and his powers of evil into death, dust and ashes.*

March 21, 1943 WINSTON CHURCHILL

*The tide has turned. The free men of the world are marching together to victory. I have full confidence in our courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory.*

June 6, 1944 EISENHOWER'S ORDER OF THE DAY



## 146<sup>TH</sup> ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION

*Excerpt from the above book submitted by author  
Wes Ross - 146<sup>th</sup> Engineer Combat Bn*

The following account is by C-company's Tom Wilkins: "Lt Richard Schindler from C-Company, led a reconnaissance patrol in the snow on one cold winter day, seeking information for V-corps about a German Panzer Division. The infantry said we were stupid when we drove past their outpost. Sergeant Roy Durfey and Claude Dobbs were in Lt Schindler's Jeep, and Norman Lightell and the rest of the squad were in the truck driven by Robert Richardson. Tom Wilkins manned the ring-mounted .50 caliber machine gun. As they approached a house, a German soldier was seen to run inside. The men in back jumped out, while Tom remained on the machine gun. Schindler's Jeep backed up, and he called out in German, for those inside to surrender. Thirty-seven did so, and were captured without a shot being fired—and they were then led away to a PW cage. Later, Lt Schindler, Cecil Morgan and Roy Durfey returned to another nearby house where smoke had been seen coming from the chimney, and where Durfey had seen a mule hitched to a two-wheel cart. Morgan kicked in the door and stepped inside with a Thompson sub, and thirty-eight more surrendered. Not a bad day for a lieutenant and one squad of engineers! Before taking the prisoners away, Durfey unhitched the mule and turned it loose. (Tom Wilkins was unsure if this was during the Bulge, or at Vossenack—but I believe the former, because of the lack of armor at Vossenack).

About Christmas time while working on a large anti-personnel minefield near Elsenborn—designed to deny the Germans access to a natural infiltration corridor; a flight of British "Typhoons" came roaring in and rocketed a woods 800 yards to the east. We were a bit jumpy as their flight path was almost directly overhead and we thought that they might have mistaken us for Germans. That would not have been too unusual, considering the chaotic conditions along the front at that time. We saw no indication that German forces were there, before or after the strike, but since we were close to the front, that is a distinct possibility. A prominent radiator bulge under the engines gave them a distinctive appearance, and their engines made an unusual roaring noise—not at all like the sharp exhaust crack of the Rolls Royce Merlins in the Spitfires and Mustangs. I was told that these engines had 24 cylinders—four banks of six—as compared to the twelve cylinders of the Merlin. The twenty four exhausts blended the sound into the unusual roar.

Christmas day 1944, on the way to the minefield, a doe and a yearling crossed in front of our truck. We stopped and I told the men in back to shoot her. After ten or more rounds had been fired, I yelled "Cease Fire", just as the deer disappeared into the brush. The firing might have been interpreted as a fire fight with a German patrol that would have initiating a wasteful response. The doe then wandered back across the road, so I shot her. There was a single hole in her hide—another indication of superb American marksmanship! The fresh meat was a welcome change from our recent diet. Several weeks previously, B-Co's various work parties returned to the company bivouac area one evening with five

hogs, two cows, and a deer.

Someone had suggested that we have some fresh meat, but had not coordinated the effort. The animals were a nuisance around minefields, walking into the trip wires, detonating the mines and killing themselves in the process—we only hastened their demise. The hogs were fried first and the pork fat was then used to fry the rest of the meat. The meat was chewy and tough—but the change of diet was appreciated.

When we were able to get to our company kitchen for a hot meal, I piled most of the food together in my mess-kit (shit-skillet in G I parlance). Breakfast might include stewed prunes, oatmeal with reconstituted dried milk, scrambled powdered eggs, bacon, and toast with jam. It did not look too appetizing when so intermingled—but it tasted better than it looked, and it had a definite edge over those early gruesome K-rations. Also, having the food piled together helped to keep it warm. Our cooks were artists in their ability to take smelly powdered eggs and powdered milk and turn them into something reasonably palatable. I'm not sure what they used to perk up the powdered eggs, but they added a bit of vanilla and a pinch of sugar to the powdered milk. An improved K-ration showed at about this time. It was far superior to the original—the crackers of which looked and tasted like lightly seasoned sawdust. Platoon Sergeant Homer Jackson was vocally unimpressed when given one of those early K-ration in lieu of "real food". At Hofen, we had him strip down to his shorts and crawl on the big brass pan of a commercial butter scale. Converting from kilograms, his weight was determined to be 242 pounds—and that without any fat! One did not build up body fat on those early K-rations!

On the night of 26 December 1944, our bivouac area was shelled heavily for about thirty minutes. We were in an area of large trees, so there were many tree bursts. Heading for a safe refuge in a culvert (he called it a tin horn), Sergeant Homer Jackson ran into a truck tailgate and chipped off the corner of an upper front tooth. It was a tight squeeze as twelve others had beaten him there. I flattened myself on the ground at the base of a large pine tree away from the direction of most of the tree bursts, and was happy when the shelling ceased. We believed that the damage was done by our captured 105mm howitzers. The shelling probably stopped when the Germans ran out of ammunition. Jackson thought that they were 285th Field Artillery 105s—whose men were massacred north of Malmedy by Kampfgruppe Peiper. However, some 99th Division 105s were also overrun close by near the Wahlerscheid Crossroads, and these may have been the culprits. They must have had forward observers—possibly the paratroopers—as they took very few rounds to register on us. We believed that our position may have been pin-pointed by the paratroopers, because their designated assembly point was the forestry shack being used by our battalion radio operators—the three who had been captured.

Several trucks had flat tires and the driveline of one truck was completely severed. A shell fragment smashed through the front panel of a headquarters desk drawer and spinning around inside made a mouse nest out of the papers within. A number of shell fragments pierced the aid station tent—one striking Ernest K Hansen in the chest as he was holding a plasma bottle over one of our wounded.

*(Continued on next page)*



## 146<sup>TH</sup> ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION

Although a number of men were wounded there were no fatalities. Lt Col Isley was seriously wounded as he made the rounds to check on our casualties. He told Dr Stanley Goldman, our new medical officer, "that last one really knocked the air out of me". He was covered with blood and was given plasma, as blood was unavailable on WWII battlefields. His recuperation required many months in a stateside hospital. The battalion was moved to Henri-Chapelle that night per Isley's orders, before he was evacuated. Major dark—the former executive officer then took over as battalion commander.

Colonel Skorzeny's "Americans"—who had infiltrated our lines and were captured wearing American uniforms and driving captured Jeeps—were executed by firing squads at Henri-Chapelle a few weeks later. I arrived late at our bivouac area, but the only cover I could find was in the haymow of a barn. I did my best to find a spot to spread out, but as the space was completely filled with bodies, I failed to find a bare spot. After someone offered to loosen all my teeth if I didn't quit stepping on him, I crawled back out and shivered in the Jeep until dawn. The next morning B-Company returned to our original bivouac area, and we continued working on the AP mine field.

New Year's Day morning 1945 was clear and cold. While we were adding the red triangles to the barbed wire perimeter fence—indicating an American minefield—the sky was suddenly filled with twenty eight ME-109s flying northwest at 1000 feet. We later learned that they were part of Operation Bodenplatte—the plan to attack our airfield and destroy our planes on the ground—a continuation of the Bulge. A number of our airfields near the front were successfully attacked that day, and several hundred of our planes were destroyed. Their losses were only about one third of ours, but their losses—and especially of trained pilots—were losses that they could ill afford. Luckily for us, our P-47s were rendezvousing near Liege for a strike of their own, and they caught these Germans by surprise as they were coming in. It must have been a real dogfight—but we saw only the tail end of the action from our minefield area.

In twenty minutes, as we watched in fascination, four ME-109s were shot out of the sky. The first fell 1500 yards away, and they kept dropping closer and closer until the last one was only 300 yards from our work area. The story was almost the same in every case. The 109 pilots, who were flying southeast and very close to the deck heading for home, were being slaughtered by the P-47s. Our pilots were definitely the aggressors, and must have had superior training and experience. We didn't see any parts being shot off the 109s, but two were spewing smoke—before they crashed and sent up big black pillars. The third downed plane hit 600 yards away, and several of us headed out to see what we could find—read Lugers or P-38s! We had just started off, when another 109 came limping toward us, smoking and losing speed and altitude.

The P-47 kept boring in and firing short machine gun bursts. The 109 was hidden by a group of pine trees when the pilot finally hauled back on the stick in an attempt to gain enough altitude to jump. His plane rose only a few hundred feet and came back into our field of view, and then stalled just as he bailed out. We charged down the hill to the crash site, fully

expecting to find a dead pilot in or near the wreckage, since we were sure that he had lacked sufficient altitude to eject safely. The pilot could not be found, but the plane was on fire and its magnesium castings were burning brightly. We poked around in the wreckage until the machine gun and cannon shells began to cook off, and then left in a hurry. We searched the surrounding area and finally found the pilot's chute in a pine tree about one hundred feet back in the direction from which we had come. By landing in the tree, the pilot was surely saved from severe injuries or death. He had slipped his chute and laid low until we had passed, and then backtracked in our trail in the snow.

We followed his tracks, but lost them at dusk in the area where the snow had been heavily trampled. After escaping death in such a remarkable exit by parachute, we were saddened the next morning to find the young pilot dead within our AP minefield. He had crawled inside the wire barrier and suffered modest wounds from one of our antipersonnel mines. We surmised that he believed he would freeze to death before morning, so he killed himself with his 9mm P-38. (Mentioned in the battalion's S-1 record of 03 January 1945)

The winter of 1944 was one of the coldest in many years, often dropping well below zero degrees Fahrenheit. However—except for the foot-freezing GI boots—we managed to keep warm and were not unduly concerned. The thumb and index finger on my left hand often became completely unresponsive when that hand was cold. Recently Dr Albert Vervloet—a Dutchman and a Japanese captive in WWII and my family physician in Lake Oswego, Oregon—stated that the high fever and delirium that I had experienced in my early teens, almost surely was the result of poliomyelitis. This has been confirmed by the post-polio syndrome, which includes progressive muscle degeneration in the fingers and thumb.

Our battalion had few medical problems during this period, although some who failed to change their socks often enough, contracted trench foot—but none from the 3rd platoon. This was easily prevented by keeping a spare pair of woolen socks tucked inside of one's pants. Body heat dried them out, and they could then be swapped several times a day, while at the same time giving the feet a thorough massage. During the Bulge our armies lost many men to this malady and especially men from the infantry who—because of a desire to stay alive—could not move out of their foxholes and exercise to keep warm. During the Bulge, Captain Goldman—our new battalion medical officer—reported several cases of combat exhaustion which were treated with combination of sedatives and rest, followed by several days of heavy labor within the sounds of battle near the front. Apparently it was successful.

To warm themselves, a group of B-Company men built a flimsy cardboard shack with a diesel-fired steel drum stove located in the middle of the floor. When one man tried to force his way into an already full shack, he was unable to do so, and no one offered to swap places. Not to be deterred, he yelled "I'll show you sons of bitches", and threw a clip of M-1 ammo into the flames. The mad scramble for the entry almost demolished the shack, after which the perpetrator was run down and pounded. We must have been a bit odoriferous, as we rarely had an opportunity to shower. Whore baths—water heated in helmets over an open fire—as our only option for

*(Continued on next page)*



## 146<sup>TH</sup> ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION

washing face, ears, neck, underarms, crotch and feet in that order. Our helmets then took on a dingy hue. We were usually able to shave daily—though our razors were not the sharpest ones on the planet. I often fantasized about luxuriating in a tub of steaming hot water, followed by a professional barber's shave. When the opportunity arose later for a German barber to do the job, I had to mentally restrain myself to keep from bolting from his chair when I realized how close to my throat his straight-edge razor was operating!

Several of us had garnered tanker coveralls and tanker jackets with a blanket-wool lining—a definite improvement over our standard GI woolen shirts, trousers and field jackets. At night, I removed my boots and changed socks before crawling into a bedroll of several wool blankets, supported by a generous layer of interlaced pine boughs to provide insulation from the cold ground. During the coldest weather I slept in all of my clothes, changing underwear whenever possible. One morning I woke to find that a heavy snowfall had compressed the pup tent down tightly around my body. Surprisingly, although we were often half frozen from riding in jeeps—always with the windshield down—or from sloshing about in the snow; few of us were ever sick with colds or flu. After most of the Bulge fighting was over and the weather had improved, we finally were issued insulated shoe-pacs in lieu of those foot-freezing GI leather boots. In the book "Citizen Soldiers" by Stephen Ambrose, he noted that the American High Command gambled that the war would be over in 1944 before we needed shoe-pacs—in retrospect an error in judgment, but *C'est la Guerre*—you can't win 'em all!

By early January, we were gaining control after the Bulge had been suppressed; the captured Germans dressed in American uniforms from Colonel Skorzeny's force had been executed at Henri-Chapelle, a few miles north of Monschau; and the paratroopers had been rounded up and shipped off to the PW cages. Our infantry was gaining control of the area around Elsenborn and St Vith, and we had heard of the successful relief of our troops at Bastogne. Although the news that came to us seemed to be more favorable—we didn't always hear the bad news—all it took to journey back to reality was to observe the graves registration men picking up the dead.

One memorable corpse in the snow in front of a nearby pillbox was a big football-lineman-type infantryman. He was about 6'5" and 250lbs—probably a BAR candidate. Only stockings on his feet so he probably was wearing shoe-pacs as no one would have gone to that much trouble to get a pair of those foot-freezing GI boots. At the site of one big tank battle near Bullingen, I had reason to be thankful that I was not a tanker. The bodies that were being removed from knocked out Sherman tanks were wrapped in sheets that looked like oversized diapers—the corpses were so badly burned that some had no apparent arms or legs. The stench of burned human flesh is an odor that is not easily forgotten!

When the Bulge finally wound down and the weather warmed, we had a super mud bath all along the front. The ground had been saturated before it froze, and it became a quagmire upon thawing. These roads were never designed to carry the heavy military traffic that was demanded of them—the blacktop had been laid over a thin layer of gravel and rock, with no heavy ballast rock beneath. After a number of heavy trucks or tanks had passed over these roads, the squishy mud

would well up through cracks in the blacktop and spread out over the surface.

In a short time these areas became impassably deep mud holes, requiring heavy-duty repairs. The 3rd platoon tried shoveling the mud out of the holes, and then filling them with pit-run rock. While this made a solid roadbed for the immediate few feet, it was too time consuming to be practical, and the number of mud holes was limitless. We finally quit trying to maintain the appearance of a good road and just dumped ever more pit-run rock into and around the holes—making a rough but passable road. The engineers creed for road maintenance is "get the water off, and the rock on"—in that order. This we tried to do, but although a number of fixes were tried, none of them were very satisfactory. Lt Kehaly's platoon built a corduroy road over the blacktop and then covered it with smaller pit-run rock. While this was marginally satisfactory, it also was too time consuming, and the road edges were quite abrupt, making it more difficult to get vehicles on and off that portion of the roadway.

In January an infantry lieutenant was wounded nearby by an AP mine, near our work area—this was probably an "S-mine" called a Bouncing Betty—and his men called on us to sweep the area for additional mines. They became impatient with our slow mine-sweeping technique and ran on ahead down to where their lieutenant was lying. I carefully followed them, stepping in their tracks to avoid being an additional casualty. We each then grabbed an arm or a leg and carried the lieutenant to safety by retracing our footsteps. He was vomiting and one man kept his head turned to the side to keep the intracranial fluid from running out through the hole in the side of his skull. He was semi-conscious, and would have remembered nothing. I hope that he had a complete recovery. That winter, I had seen an almost perfectly formed hemisphere of white brain tissue lying in the snow. A German soldier had been killed and apparently then had a mortar or artillery round burst nearby, which had blown away the side of his skull and dumped out the delicate white brain tissue. Had his brain not been frozen it would not have been so well delineated, as unfrozen brains are not all that sturdy. The detail was almost as good as the photographs in anatomy books—but that was still a cause for queasiness in one who was not an anatomy major!

In January 1945, plans for a new Allied offensive were taking shape. In preparation for the proposed Roer River crossing we built a quantity of duckboards that were to be used on top of pontoons in that assault, but when our infantry outflanked the German positions and captured that area, the duckboards were not needed. Meanwhile, Ranger patrols were making nightly forays into enemy positions across the Roer River. On one trip, they found three Germans soldiers asleep in a Siegfried bunker. The two men on the outside were knifed, and the one in the middle was left untouched. Imagine how that poor soldier would feel upon awakening and finding out that he was alive only by a shake of the dice? That was a heavy-duty mind game and one that would unnerve almost any normal human being!



# Restoring Arlington Cemetery

*21st-century technology,  
transparency and oversight  
are necessary.*

**W**HAT DOES IT MEAN to restore accountability in the nation's cemetery? Six months ago Arlington National Cemetery was in turmoil as reports surfaced of mismarked graves, discrepancies in accounting and recordkeeping, and headstones found in streams. Hundreds of calls poured in from family members of fallen servicemen and women, demanding answers and expressing concern about the integrity of the final resting places of their loved ones.

Much has changed since. But much work still remains.

One problem that plagued Arlington was a broken leadership structure plagued by mistrust and deception. Lack of ability and accountability cast a long shadow. Many employees failed to receive anything beyond on-the-job training, and the workforce lacked sufficient depth even for employees to be able to attend off-site seminars on operating machinery. Millions of dollars spent to digitize records generated useless image files.

Given the wide range of problems, the recent discovery of eight urns in a single grave, while deeply regrettable, is not entirely surprising. Arlington has acted responsibly by beginning a criminal probe to identify the misplaced fallen and determine whose action led to this situation.

To restore the nation's confidence, continued efforts to improve the way things are done at Arlington, through technology, transparency and the establishment of clear protocols, will be necessary. Already, steps have been taken to



CAROL GUZY/THE WASHINGTON POST

**Hundreds of Christmas wreaths donated by the Maine-based Worcester Wreath Co. are on the graves at Arlington National Cemetery this month.**

improve the workplace culture and establish clear protocols for marking burial sites. That such fundamental measures were not in place before suggests the extent of the problem.

Arlington Cemetery continues to make funerals for fallen service members its first priority. This has always taken precedence at the cemetery, even in times when its other missions of recordkeeping and grounds maintenance were being short-changed. It is critical that the cemetery and its staff make certain that accountability is established and that past mistakes are not repeated. Accountability does not mean identifying every single grave site — the cemetery has been in use since the Civil War, and variations in burial practice, the effects of time and erosion, and many other factors would make this task absurd and impossible. Rather, it means developing a clear

understanding of past failures and moving forward with improved technology for accurate recordkeeping and scheduling, sufficient training, and established areas of responsibility.

With assistance from high-tech companies in Northern Virginia, Arlington is beginning to move toward an IT structure capable of meeting the demands of the nation's largest military cemetery. Arlington still relies on manual recordkeeping; going forward, it should consider technology available in the private sector before creating an entirely new system.

Those who work at Arlington have made headway in improving operations, but the nation's confidence in its national cemetery won't be restored overnight. This process demands continued forthrightness from those in charge of Arlington and continued oversight.

## CHAPTER TAPS

Over the past few years the following chapters have notified us that they can no longer function and have decided to disband.

IOWA, IA (34)  
CAPE COD & THE ISLANDS, MA (58)  
GREAT LAKES, MI (21)  
CENTRAL NEW YORK, NY (2)  
GENESEE VALLEY, NY (57)  
NORTH COAST, OH (36)  
ALAMO, TX (46)  
NORTHERN VIRGINIA, VA (15)  
NORTH DAKOTA, ND (20)  
NORTH CAROLINA, NC (9)

It is unfortunate for this to happen; however all good things must eventually end. These chapters, along with the members will always be remembered.



**REMEMBRANCE  
AND COMMEMORATION  
66<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE  
OF THE BULGE DECEMBER 2010**



**Band of Angels  
Dorothy Barre and Hope Kirkendall – 16<sup>th</sup>  
General Hospital at the Belgian Ambassador's  
Residence**



**Bill Leunig – 285<sup>th</sup> Engineer Combat Bn places  
his photo on the Christmas tree.**

Many thanks to John & MaryAnn Bowen; Phyllis & Marty Feldman & Mike McLaughlin for their untiring efforts.



**West Point Alumni Glee Club  
Performed at our Banquet**



**Belgian Royal Band of Guides  
Paying tribute at WWII Memorial**



**Hospitality Room  
(cont'd next page)**



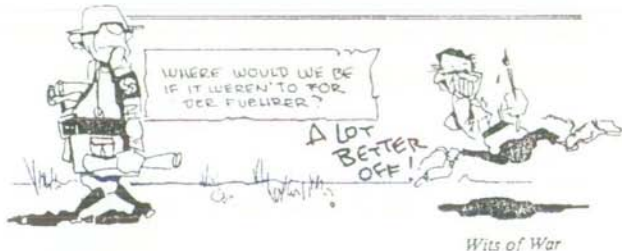
## (DEC EVENT CONT'D)



**Wreath Laying "Tomb of Unknowns"**  
L-R Bill Bearisto, 28<sup>th</sup> ID; Al Sussman, 106<sup>th</sup> ID;  
Robert Schneider, 11<sup>th</sup> AD & Guard



**Wreath Laying at VBOB Memorial**  
Front (L-R)  
George Watson, 87<sup>th</sup> ID; David Bailey, 106<sup>th</sup> ID  
John McAuliffe, 87<sup>th</sup> ID  
Back(L-R)  
Luxembourg Ambassador Jean Paul Senninger  
Belgium Ambassador Jan Matthysen



**Christmas Tree in Hospitality Room**



**Arthur Loukas, 83<sup>rd</sup> ID & Lou Cunningham**  
106<sup>th</sup> ID – Well, Lou, 66 years later and still  
snowing. Yeah but Nobody is shooting at us!

A special thank you to the 34 veterans who  
attended. It is such a privilege to be in your  
company.



Crew of a 105mm self-propelled  
Tracked howitzer in action. This was the  
normal field artillery piece of the American  
armoured divisions. / US Army



## VBOB CHAPTER NEWS

### FLORIDA CITRUS CHAPTER #32 VETERANS DAY PARADE LAKELAND, FL



I was selected by the Lakeland, FL. Citrus Connection, Bus Company to represent the Veterans of WWII and other conflicts in the Veterans Day Parade here in Lakeland. The bus company told me that this same bus will also be used in the Christmas Parade loaded with kids.

There after it will serve on the different routes all over Lakeland for the next year. Since our Florida Citrus Chapter #32 is located and we meet here in Lakeland I am very proud to be able to represent the WWII veterans.



Gerald Virgil Myers, President  
80th Infantry Division, 317th Infantry Regiment

### DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER #4 AT WEST POINT

Delaware Valley Chapter veterans, their families and friends attended the Army-Air Force football game at West Point on Saturday, November 6, 2010. Prior to the game they watched a pass in review by the cadets. Maps of the bulge battleground, designed and created by associate member Mike Ciquero, and signed by chapter veterans were presented to various individuals.

### 5<sup>TH</sup> FUSILIERS OF BELGIUM CHAPTER #38 COMMEMORATE THE 66<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE *by Henri Rogister, Associate*

The Veteran Battle of the Bulge Association (with Belgian Chapter) was present at the 66th Commemoration of the Battle of the Bulge at Bastogne on December 11, 2010. The commemoration included a historical walk early morning Saturday along which re-enactors rebuilt scenes that happened 66 years ago. The official ceremonies included a parade through town to Patton's and McAuliffe's monuments for wreath laying ceremonies. The parade ended at the city hall where Belgian and U.S. authorities proceeded to the official nut throw.



Left to right Robert Lemaire, a reenactor playing Gen George S. Patton, Jr. and Marcel d'Haese, chapter president

### NORTH DAKOTA CHAPTER #20 SAYS GOODBYE

*by Harry Swendsen*  
4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, 8<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment

The annual reunion and business meeting was held May 8, 2010 at the AMVETS Club in Bismarck, ND. President Lee Roy Schneider called the meeting to order at 10:00 AM and welcomed everyone to the 19th annual chapter meeting. The flags were displayed at the front of the room and the pledge of allegiance recited. Two members and 4 Associate members were in attendance at the business meeting. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were approved as presented.

Harry Swendsen reported that there are 18 annual members and 43 life members for a total of 61 members in the North Dakota Chapter. Since its inception there are 103 departed comrades. At this time it was decided to disband the North Dakota Chapter of the Veterans of The Battle of the Bulge. President, Lee Roy Schneider and committee initiated discussion about the final disposition of assets of the Chapter when disbanded. After a brief discussion, it was agreed that the VBOB flag will be given to the Anamoose VFW.

(continued on next page)



## VBOB CHAPTER NEWS- (cont'd)

That organization gave a \$300 donation to the chapter to help get it started. A contact with the Anamoose VFW was made prior to the meeting and they said they would be honored to have the flag and the Chapter's charter.

Regarding the helmets, gloves, American flag, bases, it was decided to give those items to the Amvets in recognition and thanks for using the facilities over the years. The items will be put to good use in continuing to honor veterans with their color guard and ceremonies. It was agreed that the scrapbooks be given to Sybil Peterson and her family. It was decided it would be best for the Chapter's meeting minutes and treasurer's reports be kept with the scrapbooks. It was decided that a point of contact sheet would be placed on back of the Charter so if anyone wanted more information, they could contact Sybil Peterson. She said anyone is welcome to come and look at them and make copies of things.

Since the Chapter is being disbanded, election of new officers was not held. Harry Swendsen agreed to complete final paperwork as the Chapter's secretary and treasurer. After final bills are paid he advised that there would be \$3000 plus which will be given to the Veterans Cemetery. Sybil Peterson and committee presented the Memorial Service. Pastor Tom Caldwell gave the memorial message. The Banquet was held at 6:00 PM with 14 people in attendance. **It is with sadness that we say Good-bye.**

Feel free to contact me.

Harry Swendsen Box 55, Hettinger ND 58639

Telephone 701-567-2308

## WEST MICHIGAN CHAPTER #23

### CHERRY ROYAL PARADE

JULY 10, 2009

TRAVERSE CITY, MI

*Submitted by Richard Rizzio*

*274<sup>th</sup> Armored Field Artillery Bn*



VBOB chapter leads the way!



Parade Marshall - Richard Rizzio

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## LOOKING FOR VETS OF THE 482<sup>ND</sup> ENGINEER MAINT CO.

In late December 1944 or early January 1945 we were stationed in the Leuze/Ath, Belgium area and approximately 20 men were transferred from the 482<sup>nd</sup> to the infantry. I would like to know if any of these men survived the war and where are they now. Also I would like to hear from anybody from the 482<sup>nd</sup>.

John E. Wright

1124 Lauren Lane #4108

Tarpon Springs, FL 34689

Telephone 727-934-8723

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## ALTON LITSENBARGER CHAPTER #68

### VETERAN INDUCTED INTO HALL OF FAME

World War II veteran William B. Ruth of Worthington, OH, who served his country both during war and peace, was inducted into the Ohio Veterans Hall of Fame on November 5, 2010. He is a member of the Litsenberger Chapter, Columbus, OH of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. He was honored for making significant contributions to his community, profession, state, and nation after serving honorably in the United States armed forces. Army Sgt. Ruth served in the 3rd Armored Division and saw heavy action during his 18 months in Europe.

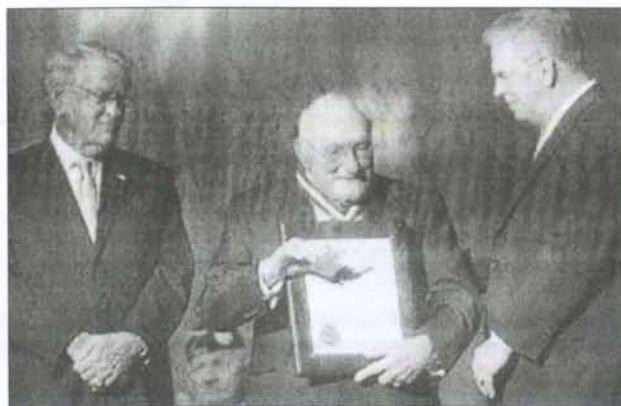
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## VOBO CHAPTER NEWS- (cont'd)

He has been active in local veterans' activities and was Grand Marshal of the Worthington Memorial Day parade in 2010.

Ruth was a department chairman at Columbus Community College and was given the task of building Ohio's first adult education system. During his career, the state's system of adult workforce leadership grew. For the past 20 years, he has made World War II presentations to local schools. In 2010, Ruth was recognized with an honorary doctorate of letters in community leadership by the Franklin University Board of Trustees.



Above Bill Ruth, center, waves to the crowd after receiving his Ohio Veterans Hall of Fame plaque from Bill Hartnett, director of the Ohio Department of Veterans Services, left, and Governor Ted Strickland.

[http://dvs.ohio.gov/veterans\\_hall\\_of\\_fame.aspx](http://dvs.ohio.gov/veterans_hall_of_fame.aspx)

## PETER F. LESLIE JR. CHAPTER #54 VOBO MONUMENT DEDICATION

*by Alvin Sussman  
106<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division*

On October 23, 2010 at 11:00am, a monument dedicated to the men and women who fought in the Battle of the Bulge during World War II was unveiled in Constitution Park in Fort Lee.



The Battle of The Bulge was fought under the most severe winter circumstances with 20 degrees below zero temperatures. The United States Army Historian wrote that the Battle Of The Bulge suffered the greatest casualties of any land battle in the history of our Country. During the 41 days from December 16, 1944 to January 25, 1945 more than 19,000 were killed and more than 62,000 were wounded. The creation and building of the monument is the result of a Fort Lee resident Alvin Sussman, who is a member of a national organization, The Veterans of The Battle of The Bulge, Inc. whose local chapter, the Peter F. Leslie, Jr. chapter meets every month at the Picatinny Arsenal. Nationally, there are about 4,000 members today, however, originally there were more than 10,000 members. During World War II, there were 16,000,000 men and women who wore the uniforms of all of the military services. Today, there are less than 2,000,000 veterans alive who fought in WWII. They are dying at the rate of 1,500 per day.

The Borough of Fort Lee through the direction of Mayor Mark Sokolich has been instrumental in making the monument a reality by donating land in Constitution Park for the erection of the monument. At the dedication, the United State Military Academy at West Point sent a Color Guard, a bugler for Taps and a firing unit to participate in the dedication ceremonies. Several Federal and State elected officials attended and spoke.

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(Chapter members - left to right)

Dick Clair, Dick Moran, Paul Hennessey, Ed Kirchgessner, Sam Cimaglia, Jim Cullen, Al Sussman, Raul Avenia, Bill Blaher, Ralph Richter, Marty Rosenbaum, Brian Gillen.



## Pam Murphy, widow of actor Audie Murphy, was veterans' friend and advocate

written by Dennis McCarthy, Columnist for the *Los Angeles Daily News*, April 14, 2010  
reprinted in the *Pekan Newsletter* with permission from the author

Pamela Murphy, the widow of Audie Murphy, was involved in the Sepulveda VA hospital and care center in California over the course of 35 years, treating every veteran who visited the facility as if they were a VIP. Pam Murphy died April 8, 2010, at the age of 90.



After Audie died, they all became her boys. Every last one of them. Any soldier or Marine who walked into the Sepulveda VA hospital and care center in the last 35 years got the VIP treatment from Pam Murphy.

The widow of Audie Murphy – the most decorated soldier in World War II – would walk the hallways with her clipboard in hand making sure her boys got to see a specialist or doctor – STAT. If they didn't, watch out.

Her boys weren't Medal of Honor recipients or movie stars like Audie, but that didn't matter to Pam. They had served their country. That was good enough for her.

She never called a veteran by his first name. It was always "Mister." Respect came with the job.

"Nobody could cut through VA red tape faster than Mrs. Murphy," said veteran Stephen Sherman, speaking for thousands of veterans she befriended over the years.

"Many times I watched her march a veteran who had been waiting more than an hour right into the doctor's office. She was even reprimanded a few times, but it didn't matter to Mrs. Murphy. "Only her boys mattered. She was our angel."

Last week, Sepulveda VA's angel for the last 35 years died peacefully in her sleep at age 90. "She was in bed watching the Laker game, took one last breath, and that was it," said Diane Ruiz, who also worked at the VA and cared for Pam in the last years of her life in her Canoga Park apartment.

It was the same apartment Pam moved into soon after Audie died in a plane crash on Memorial Day weekend in 1971. Audie Murphy died broke, squandering million of dollars on gambling, bad investments, and yes, other women.

"Even with the adultery and desertion at the end, he always remained my hero," Pam told me.

She went from a comfortable ranch-style home in Van Nuys where she raised two sons to a small apartment – taking a clerk's job at the nearby VA to support herself and start paying off her faded movie star husband's debts.

At first, no one knew who she was. Soon, though, word spread through the VA that the nice woman with the clipboard was Audie Murphy's widow. It was like saying Patton had just walked in the front door. Men with tears in their eyes walked up to her and gave her a hug.

"Thank you," they said, over and over. The first couple of years, I think the hugs were more for Audie's memory as a war hero. The last 30 years, they were for Pam.

She hated the spotlight. One year I asked her to be the focus of a *Veteran's Day* column for all the work she had done. Pam just shook her head no. "Honor them, not me," she said, pointing to a group of veterans down the hallway. "They're the ones who deserve it." The vets disagreed. Mrs. Murphy deserved the accolades, they said.

Incredibly, in 2002, Pam's job was going to be eliminated in budget cuts. She was considered "excess staff."

"I don't think helping cut down on veterans' complaints and showing them the respect they deserve, should be considered excess staff," she told me. Neither did the veterans. They went ballistic, holding a rally for her outside the VA gates.

Pretty soon, word came down from the top of the VA. Pam Murphy was no longer considered "excess staff." She remained working full time at the VA until 2007 when she was 87.

"The last time she was here was a couple of years ago for the conference we had for homeless veterans," said Becky James, coordinator of the VA's Veterans History Project. Pam wanted to see if there was anything she could do to help some more of her boys.

~~~~~  
In 1971 Audie Murphy, America's most decorated WWII veteran, died at the age of 45 in a plane crash, leaving behind his wife of 20 years. Although the couple had separated in the early 1960s, they remained married. When Pamela passed away it prompted columnist Dennis McCarthy to pen her story, posthumously honoring Pamela Murphy's life of devoted service to our veterans.



# VBOB has a new online home!

to better connect and serve those who served.

There are 2 ways to access the new VBOB web site (either address gets you to the same place!)

[WWW.Veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org](http://WWW.Veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org)  
(Precise)

[WWW.Vbob.org](http://WWW.Vbob.org)  
(Concise)



## The features of our new digital home;

**5 VBOB Online Actions:** Join VBOB, Buy Merchandise, Get Info, Register for Annual Reunion, Make a Donation, and Research

**VBOB News and Stories:** Just that-news from the organization and most importantly, your stories. Vets can submit stories w/ photos for inclusion on the site.

**A VBOB Photo Gallery:** Submit your photograph with your name and service unit, and it will be included in the searchable photo gallery.

**An array of additional actions you can take online:** Renew your membership, Order a VBOB Certificate, Check the VBOB Calendar of Events, Get Infor on Veteran's Tours of the European Battlefields.

**Access to lots of valuable VBOB information:** The President's Message, National Chapters, Executive Council, The Bugle Bugle Newsletter.

In 2010 the VBOB Executive Council identified the need to efficiently reach existing and potential new members. Bob Rhodes and Ralph Bzorth approached the VBOB member services team, Kevin and Tracey Diehl, to develop a website. (Fortunately, their "day jobs" are as online and print marketing designers.)

The goal was to create an online tool to sign up new members, and make the many VBOB member-benefits and services instantly accessible. In addition to bringing immediacy to the many VBOB offerings, the new site is an "owner-friendly" site with a content management system, making content updates virtually instantaneous. This means "always up-to-date."

While we're proud of the valuable content and conveniences we now provide at [www.vbob.org](http://www.vbob.org), our most important contributor is you, the VBOB member. Send us your service photo and Service Unit information-we'll post it to our VBOB photo Gallery. We ask you to contribute, stay connected, and share the [www.vbob.org](http://www.vbob.org) link with everyone you know.

Submit your new items, stories, or service photo for inclusion at [vbob.org](http://vbob.org) or The Bugle Bugle to:  
[ralph@veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org](mailto:ralph@veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org)  
or mail to

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, P.O. Box 336, Blue Bell, PA 19422 tel + 1 484 353-8844



## ON OUR WAY TO THE BULGE

by Bill Whiting & Russell Walker  
802<sup>nd</sup> Field Artillery Battalion

About 1700 hours it started to snow, not heavily but steadily, and it stuck. We were ordered to be ready to leave about 2230 hours. The Seventh Army, on the right of the Third Army, was widening its front to the left to take over area now being manned by the Third Army, taking over a few of the troops that were there in the process, but almost all of the Third Army was to go north. The Third Army was to pull back slightly, turn 90 degrees to its left and move 100 miles to the north, where it would then attack the south side of the German penetration. We could not leave until the Seventh Army troops were in position. There was a lot of troop movement going on. There were reports of Germans in American uniforms and speaking perfect English having been parachuted behind our lines somewhere. It was a long, cold, tense, and memorable night for all of us. All went well, and it began to get light about 0800 hours. The battalion arrived in Leudelange, Luxembourg about 0900. It was a job well done all around. 160 road miles, 15 hours, with 90 vehicles, one or two inches of snow on the roads, most of the trip in the dark under blackout conditions on the shortest day of the year, and all on two lane blacktop roads.

On the 25th (Christmas Day) we fired 42 missions totaling 1201 rounds, our high to that time. The Germans were attacking rather than retreating and accordingly offered themselves as targets. The fighting was very fierce and bitter. The weather stayed clear and cold, never getting above freezing, much better for us than the previous weeks. It was here we experienced for the first time the German rocket launcher. It launched six rockets at one loading, with about one or two seconds between rockets. The rockets made a weird and frightening sound passing through the air. The projectile packed more of an explosive punch than a normal artillery shell, and was made of plate steel rather than cast iron. It fractured into a few large pieces rather than many smaller ones, as did an artillery shell. They were a scary thing and fortunately there were not many of them. They were known as the "Screaming Meemies", and the launcher as the six-fluted organ that played the "Purple Heart Blues". It seemed that other U.S. troops had run into this rocket before, but we had not heard of it.

On the 28th there was a slight realignment between the 5th Infantry Division and the 4th Infantry Division and we were then supporting the 4th Infantry, from our same positions, as of 1600 hours. The 802d FA Bn was originally a part of the 4th Infantry Division at Ft. Benning, and was spun-off when the division was transformed from a square division to a triangular division. All of the old divisions went through this. This changed the division from four infantry regiments and artillery battalions to three of each. This happened in January 1942. Some of the "oldtimers" in the 802d visited friends in the nearby 42d FA Bn of the 4th Division. The 17th A/B arrived by truck all day long. Airborne troops were armed to the teeth, with machine pistols, hand grenades, daggers in their boots, and so forth. They are trained to be over-self-confident, as they needed that for their normal function of jumping out of a plane into enemy territory, often at night. It did not increase our confidence to hear what they were going to do to the

Germans, they would take no prisoners, and other unrealistically boastful statements. And it certainly did not help when Colonel Head returned from a briefing and meeting with the Division Artillery Commander and his artillery battalion commanders. At the discussion of the next day's attack the Division Artillery commander said in effect "I want that town leveled - each gun will fire one round". That amount of fire would have done little more than break a few roof tiles. The airborne artillery gun was a 75 mm "pack" howitzer, so named as it was originally designed for use by mountain troops where it was disassembled into several pieces and transported by "pack" animals. It was a fairly light artillery.

On the morning of the 4th the 17th A/B infantry attacked at 0815, after a ten-minute artillery preparation, during which we fired 225 rounds. Lts "Woody" Wood and Jim Teehan were out as FO's with the 192d Parachute Infantry. The inexperienced A/B troops lived up to our expectations. They test fired their weapons just prior to attacking, and had a very rough day against determined, seasoned, enemy troops. That evening the Germans counter-attacked and the A/B infantry started pell-mell out of the town they had fought all day to capture. The Germans used several tanks in the night attack, and even though tanks were not very effective in night fighting, they terrified the inexperienced A/B troops. Woody and Teehan were in the town with them and were largely if not completely responsible for halting their flight and convincing them they could hold the town with heavy artillery fire. Both had gained the confidence of the infantry during the day's fighting with heavy and accurate artillery fire against the Germans, and proceeded to destroy the German night counter-attack with artillery fire from our battalion and others. Several people were in the CP that evening, listening on the radio to Woody and Teehan conducting fire and describing what the paratroopers were doing. It was touch and go for a while, and the outcome was in doubt. For a while there was talk of alerting the batteries of the possibility of an infantry attack. Altogether, the Bn fired 1538 rounds that day, a new high. On January 17th, at 1500 hours, the 802d FA was relieved from assignment to the U.S. Third Army in the U.S. 12th Army Group, and assigned to the U.S. Seventh Army in the U.S. 6th Army Group. We had been forewarned of this change and advance parties had departed early in the morning.

It was a long, cold, motor march, south to the Vosges Mountain area. We were sandwiched in between elements of the 10th Armored Division, who were also heading south. Finally, that night we were halted by not being able to get by the 10th Armored Division CCB. Major Sparks decided we would spend the night in the town of Messancy, Belgium. Except for one person per truck, everyone found some place to sleep, mostly in civilian homes at the homeowner's invitation or at least willingness, some in a comfortable hayloft.

*Information taken from History of the 802<sup>nd</sup> by Marvin Gwin and William Whiting*



**ARE YOUR  
DUES  
DUE ?**



## LIFE IN THE FROZEN TUNDRA

*By Kenneth R. Yockey  
Headquarters Battery  
336<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery Battalion  
87<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division*

Much is written about the hardships that the G. I. went through during the "Bulge" and rightly so. The citizens of that region also endured severe hardships. My wire crew was billeted in a small farmhouse around Tillet. The Battalion Headquarters were down the lane from us where the fire direction center was also housed. The house was completely stripped even a crucifix which had left an impression on the wall, except for a table in the kitchen and a heavy cast iron stove and a cabinet. The man and his wife seemed to exist on rutabagas and potatoes, which were buried in a huge mound of dirt that was just outside of the house. We shared k-rations and ten-in-one rations with them. As with most G. I. we went foraging out into the barn, which was attached to the house. The Krauts had killed all of the cows that were still in their stalls. The only survivors were a couple of goats and some chickens.

We didn't have the heart to scrounge the eggs as we felt these folks needed them worse than we did. We even tried to use a winch to pull the cows out of the barn but to no avail since the door and the dead cows were obstructed by beams that supported the barn. It was a mess. The crew kept to one small room and we had our own "liberated" stove and coal.

One night I was awakened by First Sergeant Baily and was told that some of the lines were out. I then awakened my driver Aldo Buzzaro and he and I went out to trace the break. It was a crisp cold bitter night. I soon found the break. Some tanks and halftracks had chewed the wires up to look like smithereens. Rather than splicing the break, we laid new lines and after checking to see that you could talk on them we then proceeded to use the "idiot stick" and sling the lines up into the trees as we should have done in the first place. The Germans at the same time were shelling the area.

The shells would burst in the air and as the shrapnel fell it sounded like a hail storm as they hit the frozen tree limbs. All of a sudden it sounded like a shell burst right over our heads. Buzz jumped out left side of the truck as I exited the right side. I hit the ditch but there was something frozen in the icy ground and it ripped through my clothing and into my flesh. I was bleeding and we sought an aid station. Finding one, the medic washed the wound and sprinkled in some sulfa and used a compress bandage on it. The wound was rather small and looked like a pair of lips. As we were leaving, the medic gave me a small piece of paper and told me to give it to my company (battery) clerk. When I looked more closely to the paper, I discovered it was for a Purple Heart. Since my wound was not in the true sense a battle wound, I threw the paper away. I never regretted that.

Such was life in the frozen tundra.

## BOOKS BY VBOBers

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Andrew Giambroni, 6<sup>th</sup> Armored Division  
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## THE TAKING OF DOCHAMPS, SAMREE AND BERISMENIL

Donald A. Edwards  
84th Infantry Division  
335th Infantry Regiment  
2nd Battalion  
Company E

In previous issue of *The Bulge Bugle* contained an article about the 2nd Armored Division and their activities in the Bulge from January 9, 1945, to January 14, 1945.

The article dealt with the capture of Samree which the author described as a battle similar to that of St. Lo.

Several years ago, I published a book entitled *A Private's Diary*, which covered my activities during World War II as a member of Company E, 335th Infantry Regiment, 84th Infantry Division.

One must first acknowledge that the Second Armored--"Hell on Wheels"--Division participated in numerous battles where their outstanding achievements were noted. However, the actual facts were not stated for this particular area in this article.

The actual situation must be reviewed. After the German advance in the Ardennes had been stopped, the U.S. Army commenced its counter-offensive on Wednesday, January 3rd. An area on the north side of the Bulge from Hotton to Manhay, then south to include LaRoche and Houffalize, was designated as the joint operational zone of the 84th Infantry Division and the Second Armored Division. The 2nd Battalion of the 335th Regiment was assigned the road running from Amonines through Dochamps, Samree and Berismenil along with a unit from the Second Armored. To the left of this narrow highway ran the Aisne River which was open and flowing rapidly. It never froze.

On January 3, units of the 75th Infantry Division captured Amonines. The next day, the 2nd (White) Battalion took over their positions. On January 4, the attack started to capture Dochamps.

The attack by Company E stalled just outside Amonines. The reason was that the Germans had erected a road block of logs that completely blocked the highway. On the highway were three tanks from the Second Armored Division. An enemy machine gun covered the approaches. The next day, Company G was ordered to proceed into the adjacent woods and flank the barricade. A flanking attack to the left was not feasible due to the flowing Aisne River. The flanking attack was successful. Company E had suffered one dead and 13 wounded.

January 6 brought a renewal of the attack by the Second Battalion. Every company proceeded into the woods on the right side. We had been informed that the armored men had dismantled the barricade. They had proceeded forward and met another roadblock.

As the Second Battalion proceeded through the ankle deep snow, we heard periodic shelling from the German mortars and artillery. Shortly after 1400, the enemy found the correct range. Tree bursts from their mortars rained down. After fifteen minutes, the shelling ceased. About 150 yards from me were two artillery spotters from the Second Armored--a lieutenant and a sergeant. The sergeant had been hit in the right thigh. He was bleeding profusely. George Teets and I rushed over to give aid.

The lieutenant knelt over the wounded man but did nothing. He was shell shocked. We pushed him away. Two bandages were applied. A third bandage was taken from the stunned lieutenant. He was told to wait for the medics. We later learned that the radio operator lived. The lieutenant was transferred to the rear. As we returned to the advance, Teets remarked, "Those guns from the armored are going to be able to help us." No new artillery observers were sent.

The next roadblock halted the Second Battalion's attack. I was ordered along with Teets and Jim Rochester to go back to a small hamlet to secure a building for the Advanced Command Post. In the hamlet, most of the buildings were occupied by personnel from the Second Armored. The following is from page 315 of my book.

"In one of the occupied houses," I inquired, "When did you men arrive here?"

"Oh, we came in this afternoon," replied a lanky blond.

"Did your outfit take this place?"

"Yea, the Krauts must have seen us coming and vamoosed."

"Any other outfit help you?"

"Some infantry outfit is assisting us, I think."

My face must have turned beet red when I replied, "Soldier, I know you're from a very famous outfit, but your tanks can't do anything without us doughboys from the infantry. In these woods and on the highway, all the Germans have to do is erect a log roadblock. They had one yesterday and your tanks couldn't move. They have another one about 800 yards up the road. My company and some others are trying to get around them now. If you don't believe me, walk up that road. Get in front of that lead tank. Jerry will let you know its presence with some machine gun fire. Unless our battalion gets around it, you'll stay here until hell freezes."

"Sorry fella, you must have had a rough day."

"It could have been rougher but some guys are out there bleeding so we can get your damned tanks through that road."

On Sunday, January 7, the attack continued. The enemy had vacated the barricade. The advance by the Second Battalion finally captured Dochamps about 0100 on the 8th. The road into the village was completely icy. The tanks could secure no traction. On the afternoon of January, an episode occurred at Company E. From page 326, I quote:

"At 1600, the daily edition of the Army news paper (*Stars and Stripes*) came. I immediately woke John Crable to relate to him what the paper stated. As he read the article, he kept shaking his head.

"It's just not true. The Second Armored Division had nothing to do with the capture of this place."

Credit for the capture of Dochamps had been given to the Second Armored Division. When I delivered the papers to Company E, the officers and enlisted men were about to explode. Someone said to me, "Edwards, you brought the wrong paper today."

On January 9, the attack resumed. I, again, quote from page 326:

"Early in the morning, the Third Battalion came through Dochamps. They started an attack on the next village, Samree. Several of us watched the start. We saw the Second Armored go into action. The attack went across an open field. Here the armored vehicles could maneuver."

On January 10, we could still hear firing around Samree. One GI remarked, "I sure

(Continued)



## THE TAKING OF DOCHAMPS (Continuation)

"hope Blue (Third) Battalion got more support from the armored than we did."


Although the capture of Samree was accomplished by the doughboys of the Third Battalion, credit in the *Stars and Stripes* was given to the Second Armored.

Inquiry was made about the number of German prisoners taken. The reply was, "Not a single Kraut was captured either in Dochamps or Samree." Everyone realized that the enemy knew how to resist and when to retreat was in good order.

Berismenil was captured by the Second Battalion in the early hours of January 14. The White Battalion had successfully flanked the town. The roadblocks on the main road had prevented any assistance from the armored. The big surprise in Berismenil was that about 50 Wehrmacht soldantens had not retreated with the main group and had to be flushed from the cellars.

Thus, out of the four villages on this narrow icy road in the Ardennes, the infantry alone had captured three. The armored has assisted in the capture of one, namely, Samree. ■

"Au revoir,  
mon chérie?"



Goodbye, Yankee soldier,  
I hope we meet again.  
I like your kind of loving,  
I like your kind of men.

Here's to you, my chérie,  
A toast to you, my sweet.  
I'll still do a lot of loving,  
But your memory won't be  
beat.

So goodbye, Yankee soldier,  
I kiss you "Au revoir".  
Please don't forget your Fifi  
Who's waiting at the bar!

Epilogue- Pardon me, mon chérie,  
It's too late, for you to wait!  
Yankee soldier



The bodies of German soldiers caught in a cross-fire from American machine guns litter a shell-pocked open field to the northwest of Bastogne on Christmas morning, 1944. Most of the attacking infantrymen were mowed down in tight clusters as they advanced behind Mark IV tanks: others, riding on the tanks into battle, were shot off the decks. The Americans knocked out the Mark IV 's soon afterwards.



## VBOB's ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIPS

**Associate Members** have been an integral part of The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Association, Inc. (VBOB) since its inception in the early 1980's. As time marches on, however, the need to recruit additional **Associate Members** becomes even more important as responsibilities once held by Regular Members are being passed on to **Associate Members**.

VBOB's Regular Members, by definition, are those WWII veterans who served in the Battle of the Bulge earning the Ardennes Campaign credit in accordance with War Department General Order 114 dated 7 December 1945.

VBOB's **Associate Members** are all others who desire to preserve WWII military history and especially the legacy of the Battle of the Bulge and its veterans. **Associate Members** can be family members or friends such as sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters, nephews, nieces, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, WWII orphans, and spouses as well as students, school teachers, historians, history buffs and the like. Citizens from Belgium and Luxembourg are especially encouraged to join.

The Ardennes Offensive, fought from 16 December 1944 to 25 January 1945, and more commonly referred to, as 'The Battle of the Bulge' is the largest land battle ever fought by the U. S. Army. It was Hitler's last offensive and the elimination of the bulge eventually lead to victory in Europe. In six weeks of fighting, American forces suffered more than 81,000 casualties including 19,000 soldiers killed in action, however the battle and those who fought in it changed the course of world history forever.

Benefits for **Associate Members** are exactly the same as for Regular Members and include quarterly issues (February, May, August, November) of *The Bulge Bugle* - the official publication of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. *The Bugle* is chock full of firsthand accounts of war experiences, upcoming trips to the battlefields of Europe, VBOB chapter highlights, reenactment information, reunion details, and opportunities to connect with fellow 'Bulge' veterans. As an **Associate Member** you are eligible to serve in leadership positions at the national level. Annual dues are \$15.00.

VBOB's new website <[www.veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org](http://www.veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org)> is currently undergoing a comprehensive review to ensure that all information is timely including numerous resources for all members. Links, especially designed to provide members with in-depth research material, will be included. Special attention will be paid to resources directly related to Bulge veterans and their units and other resources such as maps in the collection of the Library of Congress and digital collections held at the National Archives.

By becoming an **Associate Member** you will help preserve WWII history while perpetuating the legacy of this historic battle and, more importantly, those who fought or died in it.

There are innumerable ways you can help the organization grow, e.g., support your local chapters' meetings and reunions, attend neighborhood schools with a Bulge veteran and discuss the historic significance of the Battle of the Bulge, provide transportation for a Bulge veteran to and from meetings and reunions, and encourage other potential **Associate Members**, especially the younger generations, to join - and so much more.

Fill out the Application For National Membership found on the back cover of 'The Bulge Bugle' and mail it to the address shown below.

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge  
PO Box 27430  
Philadelphia, PA 19118-0430

Telephone: 703-528-4058

Email address: [kevin@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:kevin@battleofthebulge.org)

## DOES ANYONE RECOGNIZE CAPTAIN ROLAND??

I am a Belgian citizen and my mother was a little child during World War II. Her house was in Belgium in the village of Sainte-Marie Cheigny, near Libramont, about 20km from Bastogne.

During the winter of 1944 some US Army people stayed at the house for a couple of days. One of those US military men was an officer with the surname of Roland and with the rank of Captain. I do not know what unit he was in but it could have been the 87<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division.

My mother (71 years old today) always told us she was impressed and "in love" as a spoiled small child can be in front of a Captain who came into their village to save the people against the Germans. The Captain Roland gave her a small picture of him (see attached).



It is late, very late but I decided to find this Captain or his family in order to exchange history and gratitude more than 65 years later after. Please contact me if you have any information about Captain Roland.

Best Regards  
Bernard Dubois  
Rue du Vicinal, 71  
B-6700 Arlon Belgium  
Telephone +32 63 235013  
[bernard.dubois66@hotmail.com](mailto:bernard.dubois66@hotmail.com)

## THE FARMER'S PIG

by Harold O'Neil, 83rd Signal Battalion

Hitler and Goering were riding in a limo thru farm country when the car hit and killed a pig. Hitler told Goering to go to the farmhouse and offer to pay for the pig.

Goering returned five minutes later with a puzzled look and carrying two large sausages and four bottles of beer. Hitler said, Tell me exactly what you said. I told the farmer, Heil Hitler, the pig is dead.



## DONATIONS

The generosity of our members is outstanding. We are indeed grateful for your continuing donations. We give thanks to all of you who have contributed to the organization. Each contribution both large and small is appreciated. Below are listed the donors since the last Bugle. Your generosity is unbelievable. Thank you!

There were 85 individual donations which collectively amounted to \$3,500.50 since the last Bugle. The listings below is current through 19 January 2011. If you have donated and your name has not appeared please contact our Recording Secretary, John D. Bowen. We appreciate the many who rounded up their dues payments \$20.00 as well as the many other significant individual contributions. Thanks!

|                                   |                    |                                                                   |
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| AL Geo S Patton                   | Alabama            | VBOB Chapter 11                                                   |
| Armistead, T. Hunt                | Ft Worth TX        | 99 InfD 394 Inf Med                                               |
| Avedisian, Kachado                | Cranston RI        | 28 <sup>th</sup> InfD 103 Engr Cmbt Bn B                          |
| Bailey, J. David                  | Alexandria VA      | 106 <sup>th</sup> InfD 422 Inf F                                  |
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| Barkie, Jeremiah J.               | Hilton Head SC     | 789 AAA AW Bn A                                                   |
| Bass, Robert                      | Walnut IL          | 243 <sup>rd</sup> Engr Cmbt Bn                                    |
| Bearisto, William                 | Waltham MA         | 28 <sup>th</sup> InfD 110 Inf 109 FA Bn                           |
| Berry, Maurice                    | Willow Grove PA    | 26 <sup>th</sup> InfD 104 Inf C                                   |
| Champol, Harold V.                | Port Washington NY | 87 <sup>th</sup> InfD 345 <sup>th</sup> Inf C                     |
| Colburn, Jr., James               | Ft Lauderdale FL   | ADSAC Trans Engrs                                                 |
| Costales, Roberto                 | Firestone CO       | Associate                                                         |
| Coviello, Philip A                | Toms River NJ      | 87 <sup>th</sup> InfD 345 <sup>th</sup> Inf E                     |
| Curto, Americo A                  | Rockland MA        | 2 <sup>nd</sup> ArmD 67 <sup>th</sup> AIR B                       |
| Davis, James Q                    | Glassboro NJ       |                                                                   |
| Debonis, Theodore                 | Louisville KY      | 11 <sup>th</sup> ArmD 55 <sup>th</sup> ArmD Inf Bn C              |
| Dewey, Charles W.                 | Ransolph VT        | 3 <sup>rd</sup> ArmD 143 <sup>rd</sup> Signal                     |
| Digiacomio, Alfred                | Ithaca NY          | 926 <sup>th</sup> Signal Bn                                       |
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| Ferrari, Thomas J.                | Stockton CA        | 563 <sup>rd</sup> AAA AW Bn                                       |
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| Foy, John                         | Rochester NY       | 87 <sup>th</sup> InfD 347 <sup>th</sup> Inf A                     |
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| Gaskell, Oliver                   | North canton OH    | 99 <sup>th</sup> InfD 393 <sup>rd</sup> Inf E                     |
| Goodman, Seymour                  | San Diego CA       | 99 <sup>th</sup> InfD 393 <sup>rd</sup> Inf Hq 1 <sup>st</sup> Bn |
| Halvorsen, Wilbur                 | Rockport TX        | 6 <sup>th</sup> ArmD 50 <sup>th</sup> ArmD Inf Bn A               |
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| Heaberlin, Stuart 2 <sup>nd</sup> | Sandusky OH        | 3 <sup>rd</sup> ArmD 333 <sup>rd</sup> AIR H                      |
| Heath, Irving                     | Noblesville IN     | 4 <sup>th</sup> ArmD 35 <sup>th</sup> Tk Bn C/D                   |

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| Jones, Jr., Frederick        | Naples FL               | 42 <sup>nd</sup> Sig Hwy Constr Bn A                  |
| Judge, John F.               | Worcester MA            | 26 <sup>th</sup> InfD 101 <sup>st</sup> Inf M         |
| Kadlub, Phyllis              | S Royalton VT           | Associate                                             |
| Keating, Lawrence            | Burbank IL              | 468 <sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn                           |
| Kreckler, John               | Boston MA               | 101 <sup>st</sup> AAA Gun Bn                          |
| Kyreages, Constantine        | Surfside Bch SC         | 26 <sup>th</sup> InfD 101 <sup>st</sup> Inf F         |
| Landry, Jr. Athanace         | Shirley MA              | 776 FA Bn                                             |
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| Latz, Robert 2 <sup>nd</sup> | Canton OH               | 264 <sup>th</sup> FA Bn Hq + C                        |
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| McNeil, Jr., Boyd            | Dothan AL               | 253 <sup>rd</sup> AFA Bn Svc Btry                     |
| Murray, Billy                | Joplin MO               | 10 <sup>th</sup> ArmD 90 <sup>th</sup> Cav Rcn C      |
| Nicholar, John(Nov)          | Ocala FL                | 80 <sup>th</sup> InfD 318 <sup>th</sup> Inf K         |
| Nicholar, John (Dec)         | Ocala FL                | 80 <sup>th</sup> InfD 318 <sup>th</sup> Inf K         |
| Ochs, James                  | Holland MI              | 26 <sup>th</sup> InfD 39 <sup>th</sup> Signal Co      |
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| Olizarowic, Victor           | Holyoke MA              | 49 <sup>th</sup> Engr Cmbt Bn C                       |
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| Quinn, Delaa                 | Doth Bend IN            | Associate                                             |
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| Schaefer, Vernon             | Adams MN                | 10 <sup>th</sup> ArmD Hq Div Arty                     |
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| Vogel, Norvin                | Morgan Hill CA          | 35 <sup>th</sup> InfD 134 <sup>th</sup> Inf           |
| Wenzel, William              | Prairie de Sac WI       | 75 <sup>th</sup> InfD Med                             |



# THE VBOB CERTIFICATE: Have you ordered yours?



Over 6,500 certificates have been purchased by Battle of the Bulge veterans. If you haven't received yours, then you might want to consider ordering one to give to your grandchildren. They are generally most appreciative of your service now and they make excellent gifts—also for that buddy with whom you served in the Bulge. The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. is proud to offer this full color 11" by 17" certificate, which may be ordered by any veteran who received credit for the Ardennes campaign. It attests that you participated, endured and survived the largest land battle ever fought by the US Army.

You do not have to be a member of VBOB to order one, but you must have received the Ardennes

credit. This beautiful certificate is produced on parchment-like stock and is outlined by the full color World War II insignias of the major units that fought in the Battle of the Bulge, starting with the 12th Army group, then followed numerically with Armies, Corps and Divisions and the two Army Air Forces. We wished that each unit insignia could have been shown, but with approximately 2000 units that participated in the Bulge, it was impossible. However, any unit that served in the Bulge would have been attached to or reported through one of the unit insignia depicted. You may want to add one of your original patches to the certificate when you receive it. Please allow approximately 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. The certificate will be shipped rolled in a protective mailing tube. Please be sure that you place your name, service number and unit as you would like it to appear on the certificate. The unit name should be as complete as possible because you want someone reading it to understand what unit you were in. We will abbreviate it as necessary. It is important that you type or print this information and the unit must be one of the 2,000 units authorized for the Ardennes Campaign credit that is in the Official General Order No. 114 for units entitled to the Ardennes Battle Credit and will be the basis for sale of the certificate. The cost of the certificate is \$15 postpaid.

## Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Certificate Order Blank

*I request an 11" by 17" certificate and certify I received credit for the Ardennes campaign. I have enclosed a check for \$15 for the certificate. Please include the following information that I would like on the certificate:*

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Serial Number \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_ Unit \_\_\_\_\_

Organization \_\_\_\_\_  
(usually Company, Battalion and/or Regiment and/or Division)

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
*I certify that I have received the Ardennes Credit.*

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VBOB member: ☐ yes ☐ no (membership not a requirement)

Make checks out to VBOB for \$15.

**Orders should be mailed to: VBOB Certificate, PO Box 27430, Philadelphia, PA 19118-0430**

Questions can be directed to John D. Bowen, telephone: 301-384-6533 or by e-mail to: johndbowen@earthlink.net



## 2011 VETERANS TOURS

**BATTLE OF THE BULGE 'MEMORIAL DAY' TOUR.** 'Memorial Day' is supremely important in the American 'Battle of the Bulge' cemeteries in Europe. International military, political and diplomatic dignitaries attend and the US Army is ceremonially present. This time our VBOB veterans and their families are honored guests at Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery. Then we spend four days visiting VBOB "special places" in the Bulge battlefields and celebrating with the local people of Belgium and Luxembourg. We also go into Germany as far as Cologne and cruise the Rhine to the Remagen Bridge. There is plenty of free time for shopping, sightseeing, etc. May 26 - June 4, 2011. Arrive Brussels. Depart Paris

**OPTIONAL NORMANDY EXTENSION:** VBOB is invited to the annual D-Day June 6 Anniversary celebrations in Normandy and we visit the beaches and battlefields. Then we finish with a full day in Paris. June 4 - 9, 2011. Depart Paris.

**OPTIONAL CRUISE:** **Optional Cruise** from Luxembourg along the Moselle and Rhine to Amsterdam. June 3 - 9, 2011. Depart Amsterdam

**SEVENTH ARMY SPEARHEAD TOUR.** Something different. Experience with fellow veterans the world famous French Riviera where US Seventh Army spearheaded by General Truscott's VI Corps, landed in August 1944. It's called "The Forgotten D-Day" on the Mediterranean. See Nice, St Tropez, etc. Track VI Corps as it fought fast and hard up the beautiful vineyard-filled Rhone Valley to the Vosges Mountains in Lorraine where it met Patton's Third Army coming from Normandy. Expert guest lecturer is Wilson Heefner, General Truscott's biographer. Sept 13 - 24, 2011. Arrive Nice. Depart Paris.

**10TH ARMORED DIVISION TOUR** combines 10th Armored's ferocious battles (Metz, Bastogne and the Bulge, Saar-Moselle Triangle, Crailsheim Salient), with some of Europe's top scenery and cities (Rhine, Heidelberg, Danube, Bavaria, Austrian Alps and Munich) and infamous Third Reich sites (Landsberg, Berchtesgaden, Eagle's Nest and Dachau) Oct 15 - 27, 2011. Arrive Paris. Depart Munich.

**2012 ADVANCE NOTICE: PILSEN WW2 LIBERATION FESTIVAL** in the Czech Republic lasts three days and is now world famous. VBOB veterans and their families are invited. Spearheading the liberation of Pilsen and western Bohemia were 16th Armored, 97th ID and VBOB's 'Indianheads' (2nd ID). We will also visit Nuremberg (Nazi Rallies and War Crimes Trials), Flossenbürg VIP concentration camp, Lidice (martyred after Heydrich's assassination), Theresienstadt concentration camp as well as the Czech capital Prague - one of Europe's most beautiful and historic cities. May 3 - 9, 2012. Arrive Frankfurt. Depart Prague.



**FOR MORE INFORMATION** on all tours, contact Doris Davis, President of VBOB Golden Gate (San Francisco) Chapter. Email [dordavis@earthlink.net](mailto:dordavis@earthlink.net) Tel (650) 654 - 0101 (PST).

*"History came to life during our VBOB tour in May this year. We were treated like royalty by the communities - receptions, memorial events, dedications. We heard "Thank you for our freedom!" many times. I will hold on to the deep, rich experiences I had from the trip for the rest of my life!" Madeleine Bryant (Father - Fritz Kraemer served in 84th Inf. Division)*

*"Words cannot describe the experience of standing on the very ground where my Father was in World War II. I couldn't help but wonder what went through his mind back then. I felt closer to my father during my trip." Doris Davis (Father - Leonard J. Schneider served in 79th Division, 313th Inf. Rgt)*

*"I stood on the exact spot in the forest where my Dad & his Tank Destroyer crew met their fate in a fierce battle, Oct 9th 1944. From now on when I hear (or sing) the Star Spangled Banner, I will sing it with renewed meaning. My thoughts will go back to that very place where my Dad fought...that is my America...men fighting for freedom." Dan Rabe (Father - Sgt. Ernest Rabe, 773<sup>rd</sup> Tank BN)*



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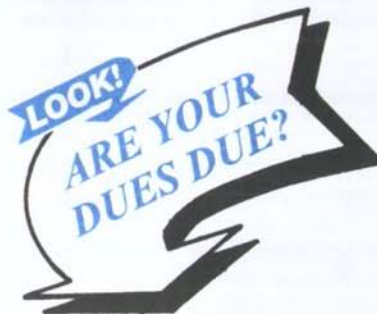




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Regular Membership is for those who have received the Ardennes campaign credit. Associate membership is for relatives, historians or others with an interest in preserving the memory of the Battle of the Bulge. Both have the same rights and privileges.

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All Regular members, please provide the following information below:

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Regiment \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion \_\_\_\_\_

Company \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

All Associate members, please provide the following information below: (Military Service is not a requirement but as a 501 c(19) we need to identify all veterans)

Relative of Bulge Veteran \_\_\_\_\_ Bulge Vets Name & Unit \_\_\_\_\_

Son, daughter, brother, niece

Historian \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_ Associate's Military Svc (dates) \_\_\_\_\_ Branch \_\_\_\_\_

Make check or money order payable to  
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Applicant's Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_